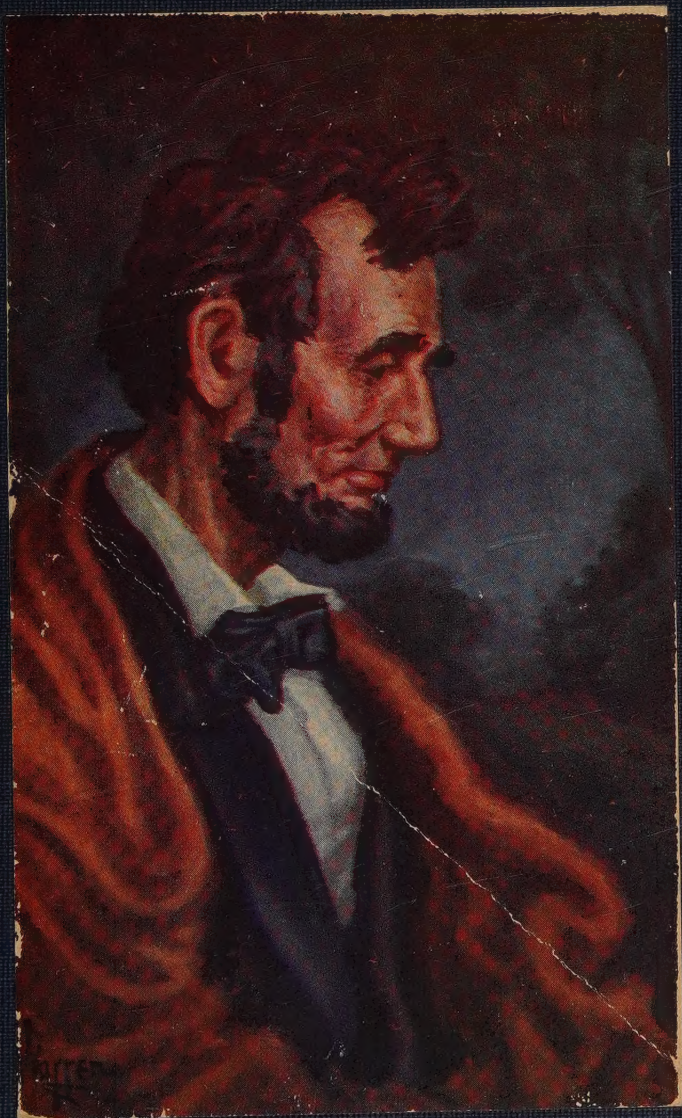
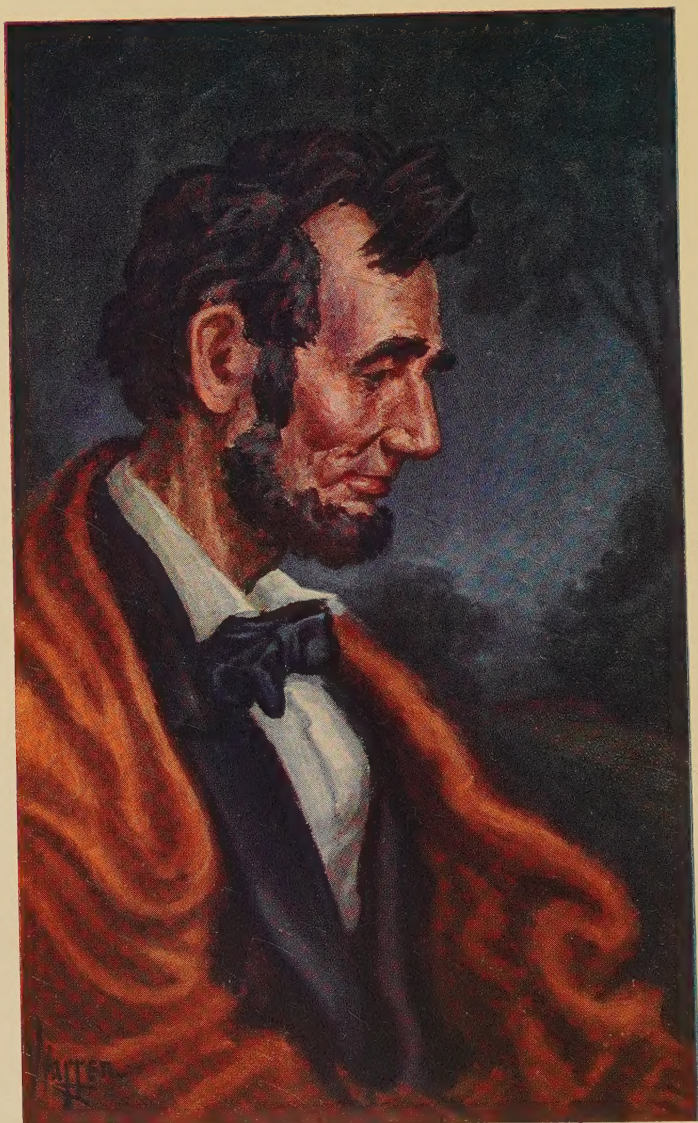


The Great Good Man



William E. Barton

THE GREAT GOOD MAN



The Great Good Man

How the Boy Lincoln Grew to Manhood
and Achieved Immortality

By

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THE LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, Etc.

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INDIANAPOLIS

THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

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Printed in the United States of America

PRINTED AND BOUND
BY BRAUNWORTH & CO., INC.
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

To
The Boys and Girls of America
Nine of Them Especially

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CHAPTER I

A CHILD OF THE FOREST

NOT quite two miles from the Kentucky log cabin where Abraham Lincoln was born lived Thomas Sparrow, who had married Elizabeth Hanks. They were plain people, of very little education, but they had kind hearts, and had brought up little Nancy Hanks, their niece, and given her a better education than they themselves had. Having no children of their own, they took also a fatherless nephew, Dennis Hanks, whom they treated as a son. Dennis was ten years old when Abraham was born, and he was able to tell some interesting stories about Abraham's boyhood. Dennis said that when he heard that his cousin, Nancy Lincoln, had a baby boy, he ran most of the distance of two miles to her house and entered the room eagerly. His

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Aunt Betsy Sparrow had washed the baby and put on a linsey shirt and a yellow petticoat. Dennis said he took the baby in his arms, and the baby's face was "like cherry pulp, squeezed dry in wrinkles." His Cousin Nancy watched him as he took the baby, and told him to be careful: "For," said she, "you are the first boy he has ever seen."

Dennis held little Abraham till the baby began to cry, and then handed him back to his Aunt Betsy. "Take him," he said. "He'll never amount to much."

Other people, knowing from what a poor home he had come, might have said the same thing. But they were all mistaken. Very great men have come from humble homes. Abraham Lincoln was a great man; he was also a good man.

The kind of house in which he was born did not make him great nor keep him obscure, but it had something to do with making him what he became. When he was President of the United States he was asked how much he could remember of his childhood home in Kentucky. Of the home where he was born, he remembered nothing that occurred while he was living there, but in later visits to the neighborhood while he

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was a small boy, he saw, and so remembered, the Sinking Spring and the great tree. The spring and the tree are still there. Of the Knob Creek home where he spent the last four years of his Kentucky childhood, he had clearer memories: the cabin, the three little fields in the forks of the creek, and the road that led down to Rolling Fork. One of his clearest recollections was of "the stone house." That house, erected before Lincoln was born, and owned by a prosperous family, seemed a wonder to him. It is still standing on the Knob Creek Road, and we can not be surprised that Abraham Lincoln remembered it. Almost every one he knew lived in a cabin. He himself never lived in any other kind of house during the first half of his life.

To make a house of the kind in which the early settlers lived, you must use rather small logs, unless you have much help from neighbors, as the thick logs are hard to lift into place. The logs are cut into fourteen- or sixteen-foot lengths, both ends notched on the lower and beveled on the upper side, and laid up in a kind of crib a little higher than a man's head. Poles are then cut and notched for rafters, and fastened across with other poles split and roughly hewn. These rafters are then covered with split shingles,

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generally about a yard long. The gable ends of the house are then built in with small logs or split poles. A door is sawed through the wall on one side of the room, and an opening is made at one end for a fireplace. The first fireplaces were usually made, not of stone or brick, but of small logs daubed with mud. All open spaces between the logs of the cabin are closed with split wooden wedges called "chinking" and are covered inside and out with clay.

Simple as were the cabins built in this way, they were not all uncomfortable. The early settlers had plenty of fire-wood, and kept their houses warm enough in winter, sometimes too warm. The fire was not allowed to go out at night, for there were no matches with which to light it. It was covered with ashes, and enough live coals were usually found in the morning to start another fire without use of flint or steel, or the carrying of fire from a neighbor's house, possibly two or three miles away.

Abraham Lincoln was born on Sunday morning, February 12, 1809. The log cabin in which he was born had been removed before he became famous, but its logs are believed to have been identified, and they have been rebuilt into their original form, with a stick chimney such as the

A CHILD OF THE FOREST

house then had. The cabin now stands in a granite memorial on the farm where he was born, the Sinking Spring Farm, near Nolin Creek, three miles south of the present town of Hodgenville, Larue County, Kentucky. Although Abraham Lincoln had been living many years before Larue became a county or Hodgenville a town, no one knew for a long time that it was his birth which was to make that county and town famous.

The name Nolin has a history. One of the first settlers in that region was a preacher, Reverend Benjamin Lynn. He went into the woods and did not return. It was believed that he had been killed by the Indians. Men who went to search for him followed his trail until it was lost, and returned sadly reporting "No Lynn." That is the way people living along the creek still pronounce its name.

The cabin in which Lincoln was born was very simply furnished. It had no floor but the earth. The bed in which the baby lay beside his mother had but one post driven into the ground. Two sides of the bed were made by the log walls. But the cabin was not without simple comforts. It had a modest supply of crockery, knives, forks and spoons. There were homespun coverlets on

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the bed, and deerskins, and perhaps bearskins, on the floor. It was one of the poorer of the pioneer homes, but not quite the poorest.

The parents of Abraham Lincoln were Thomas Lincoln and his wife, Nancy Hanks Lincoln, both born in Virginia. They were married in a little neighborhood settlement called Beechland, on the Beech Fork of Salt River, in Washington County, Kentucky, by Reverend Jesse Head, on June 12, 1806. Thomas was then twenty-eight and Nancy was twenty-three. Thomas was a solidly built man with gray eyes, thick black hair and shaggy eyebrows. He had very little education and was barely able to write his name. His wife was tall and slender, with a very dark complexion and high forehead. She had a strong mind, good memory and sound judgment.

Abraham had one sister, Sarah, about two years older than himself. She lived to become a young woman, married, and died in Indiana. One brother, younger than Abraham, and named Thomas for his father, died as a little child. The death of this baby brother was the first sorrow of Abraham's life.

Larue County, so named from an early settler, John Larue, was set off and separately or-

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ganized in 1843, the portion containing Mr. Lincoln's birthplace having been, up to that date, included in Hardin County. It is a good grazing country in its more rolling or hilly parts, and the level surface produces fairly good crops of corn and tobacco. About a mile above the present town of Hodgenville, on Nolin Creek, is a mound, or knoll, thirty feet above the banks of the stream, containing two acres of level ground. Some of the early pioneers encamped on this knoll; and but a short distance from it a fort was erected by John Phillips, an emigrant from Pennsylvania, about 1780 or 1781, near the time President Lincoln's grandfather arrived from Virginia. John Larue came from the latter state, with a company of emigrants, who settled about the same time at Phillips' Fort. Robert Hodgen, Larue's brother-in-law, purchased and occupied the land on which Hodgenville is built. Both of these pioneers were men of sterling integrity and high moral worth. They were consistent and zealous members of the Baptist Church; and one of their associates, Benjamin Lynn, as has already been said, was a minister of the same persuasion. Such were the influences under which, more than twenty years before Thomas Lincoln settled there, this little colony

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had been founded, and these went far to give the community its permanent character.

For only two years Thomas and Nancy Lincoln lived in the home where Abraham Lincoln was born. The farm was not very fertile. The only objects of natural beauty were the great oak tree and the spring. The oak was even then spoken of as a tree of unusual size. In a deed of 1827 it is called "a noted white oak tree." It is at the corner of four farms, the Lincoln farm being one of them. We may be sure that Abraham Lincoln played under its shade. It now has a circumference of fifteen feet two inches at a point six feet above the ground. It is symmetrical and in full vigor. Many centuries old, it seems good for centuries more.

The other feature of interest is the spring. It is in a kind of cavern, a little distance from the door of the cabin. The water appears in the cave, from under a shelving rock, and flows away underground. We may be sure it was this spring which determined the location of the house, for an abundant supply of good water was a consideration of large value in the making of a home. The appearance of the spring can not have changed greatly since Lincoln's day. From this spring Nancy Hanks Lincoln drew water



They found a home very near where Abraham's mother, Nancy Hanks, had spent a portion of her girlhood.

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for the home, and trudged with it up the little hill to the cabin.

But the farm was not wholly a success. Crops were not very good. Moreover, although we now know, as no one knew until very recent discovery brought to light some old papers, Thomas Lincoln had bought the farm and had it nearly all paid for when a lawsuit rose on account of the failure of a previous owner who could not make his title good. So the Lincoln family prepared to move, and they found a home very near where Abraham's mother, Nancy Hanks, had spent a portion of her girlhood.

CHAPTER II

THE SPADE AND THE SPELLING BOOK

WHEN Abraham was a little more than two years old the family moved from the Sinking Spring Farm to another on Knob Creek in the same county. They left behind them Thomas and Elizabeth Sparrow, but these were not too far away for frequent visits, and for occasional meetings at church and at other public celebrations. The little churches in the backwoods did not hold service every Sunday, but usually once a month. It was the custom of the preachers to ride from one appointment to another, and many of the people improved the opportunity to visit their friends on the Sundays when church services were held. Thomas Lincoln owned one horse when he was married, and afterward owned more than one. If he had but one, he and Nancy and both the children could ride, and doubtless did ride, to church on that one horse, little Sarah sitting in front of her father, and

SPADE AND SPELLING BOOK

Nancy holding Abraham in her arms. The churches were bare log buildings, and were employed also as schoolhouses for a few weeks in the fall when a teacher could be had, which was not often. The church home of the Lincolns and their relatives was the Little Mount Church. It was located between their old home on Nolin Creek and the home to which they removed on Knob Creek. There they continued to meet most of their old neighbors. But this was not the only church they attended. They rode around, in pleasant weather, to the other churches within convenient distance, and attended there on those days when there was no service at Little Mount. This custom did much to keep up friendships among scattered settlers. The monthly or quarterly county court days also were important social occasions.

The Knob Creek Farm contained thirty acres. It had three little triangular fields at the forks of the creek. Knob Creek is a short stream, rising in the hollows of a long ridge called Muldraugh's Hill, which makes a wide curve from the Ohio below Louisville, down through the center of Kentucky, and back again in a northeasterly sweep to the Ohio River near Portsmouth, Ohio. It walls in the fertile blue-grass region. The

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Lincoln family's removal to this farm changed their outlook on life. Their house fronted a rough road, but this road was the main highway between Louisville and Nashville. Their neighbors on one side were the people of the hills, but on the other they were the more prosperous people of the blue-grass. Thomas Lincoln became overseer of the public road. It was on this road that the stone house stood, and still stands. Knob Creek empties, a little way beyond the Lincoln home, into Rolling Fork of Salt River.

Thomas Lincoln was a carpenter of fair ability. He made doors and windows, chests of drawers and spinning-wheels, and in addition had as no small part of his work the making of coffins. Nails were very scarce; it is probable there was not a nail in his cabin. He fastened his work together with wooden pins, made by driving small pieces of wood through holes in a strip of iron. He was a man of temperate habits, but had no marked ambition. He was good-natured and fond of telling stories, a trait that his son inherited.

One story that Abraham often heard as a little boy was of his grandfather, also named Abraham Lincoln. He was a captain in the Virginia militia, and migrated to Kentucky in 1782.

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Four years later, in May, 1786, he was killed by Indians. His three sons, Mordecai, Josiah and Thomas, all saw him shot. Thomas, who was then a little boy of six, stood beside his father's dead body. Josiah ran to the blockhouse fort a quarter-mile away for help. Mordecai ran to his father's house, took down a gun, and, pointing it between the cracks, shot an Indian who was about to kill little Thomas. Help came from the fort, and the other Indians were driven away.

Thomas Lincoln often told this story to little Abraham. Travelers passing the Lincoln house often spent the night, and they told tales of life back in old Virginia, of adventures in new settlements, of boating on the rivers, and especially of fighting with Indians. When the travelers had told their tales, Thomas Lincoln would tell this one. Abraham Lincoln heard it so often that it almost seemed that he himself had been the little boy who had seen Captain Lincoln shot. But the Indians were gone from Kentucky before Abraham Lincoln was born, though the fear of them haunted the forest long after the last lone savage had passed beyond that section of Kentucky in which the birth of Lincoln occurred.

One kind of work which Thomas Lincoln found to do was hewing timbers for mills. There

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was rather more employment of this kind on Knob Creek than on Nolin, for the new home was nearer to the more prosperous settlements of the blue-grass.

Here Abraham grew large enough to help his father somewhat in the carpenter shop. But his most important service to the family, as he grew into his later childhood, was riding a horse to mill. Corn for grinding was placed in a sack, and divided into two equal parts which hung down over the saddle on each side. The boy was then mounted on top. At the mill he had to wait his turn with other boys. Those who got there earliest were best served, for the flow of water was strongest in the morning and grew less as the mill pond lowered. Sometimes it was necessary to hitch the horse to a kind of sweep, to turn the stones after the water got low. While boys were waiting for their turn, they visited and gossiped and played marbles and swapped knives. The possessor of a Barlow knife was accounted a rich boy. Even when a man, Abraham Lincoln liked to play marbles with boys.

While the family lived on Knob Creek, Abraham attended school in a log house a little way up the creek from the present village of Athertonville. Two short terms ended the edu-

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cation in Kentucky of Abraham and his sister. His first teacher was Zachariah Riney, and the second was Caleb Hazel. His first text-book was *Dilworth's Speller*, and his next was the blue-backed speller of Noah Webster.

Children in those days were not taught to read at once but to spell. They learned to spell the book through before they began to read. Probably the first sentence that Abraham learned was made wholly of words of two letters: "Is he to go in?" But before he read this sentence he could spell "incomprehensibility." It is an interesting fact concerning the early schools that spelling was made so prominent. In the national spelling contest of 1926 the prize was won by a twelve-year-old girl from a one-roomed Kentucky school.

The district school on Knob Creek was small, and when, after his death, effort was made to find some of Abraham's schoolmates, it was not easy to discover many of them. Samuel Haycraft said: "Abe was a mere spindle of a boy, and had his due proportion of harmless mischief, but as we lived in a country full of hazel switches, in the virtue of which our master had great faith, Abe of course received his due allowance."

Another schoolmate, John Duncan, who later

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became a preacher, related how he and Abraham once chased a woodchuck into a crevice between two rocks, and how Abraham succeeded in pulling it out. Still another, Austin Gollaher, told how Abe received his first pair of trousers when he began to go to school, but still lacked a hat, till his father secured, a little later, a coon-skin cap for him.

A hat was a social and an educational necessity in Zachariah Riney's school, for pupils were expected to come forward wearing their hats, and to remove them with a low sweeping bow when they were called to recite. John B. Hutchins, another pupil of Riney, remembered Abraham's not very graceful attempts to bow as his teacher required, but he did better with a hat than without. Austin Gollaher remembered as his own chief distinction, not an incident of the school-room, but an outdoor adventure with Abraham. He told how Abraham once slipped off a log and nearly drowned in Knob Creek, and Gollaher rescued him. If this was true, and it may have been, we owe much to Austin Gollaher. But he was interviewed so often that he remembered more incidents than could have occurred in the short period in which as a boy he knew the Lincoln family.

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Kentucky schools in that day were "blab-schools." Children were required to study aloud. Abraham got so accustomed to pronouncing words as he read them that he never got over the habit. It was his custom, too, to pronounce each word as he wrote it, and this was a rather useful habit, because he gave thought to the sound of words and so to their meaning.

While the family were living on Knob Creek, Abraham learned to plant corn, putting a pumpkin seed in every second hill. Here, too, he learned to ride a horse to plow corn, and so to become an active sharer in farm work.

When he became a man, he was asked if he remembered anything about the War of 1812. He replied that he remembered one thing. He had been fishing in Knob Creek and had caught a little fish. Two or three men who had been soldiers came along the road, and he had been taught to be good to soldiers, so he gave them his fish. It is a small incident, but an attractive one, showing his early friendliness and giving an intimation also of the spirit of the home. It is safe to say that he had been expecting to take that fish home. It may have cost him a little struggle to give it up, for he had some pride in his catch and wanted to display it to his father and mother

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and sister. But he was glad to give it away to the soldiers, for he had been taught to be good to men who had risked their lives for their country.

Our knowledge of the childhood of Abraham Lincoln is not very great, but we know the conditions under which he lived. They were the ordinary conditions of frontier life in that period. Daniel Boone, a noted pioneer and Indian fighter, had led the way through Cumberland Gap and along the Wilderness Road into the fertile lands of Kentucky, and many people who had been living in Virginia and North and South Carolina, as well as in Pennsylvania and the states farther east, had been following him. Some floated down the Ohio River on flatboats, and others rode on horseback, or came in heavy wagons drawn by oxen through the mountain passes into the land lately vacated by the Indians. All through the period of the Revolutionary War the Kentucky woods had been filling up, and after that war was over, an increased number of pioneers came across and made homes beyond the mountains. The conditions of life with Abraham Lincoln in his boyhood were not very different from those that attended the boyhood of Andrew Jackson and Henry Clay and

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other men who lived as boys on the frontier and became famous in American history. The frontier itself moved westward, and the Lincolns moved with it. Abraham Lincoln was of the seventh generation of Lincolns in America, and no one of his ancestors in direct line had died in the house in which he was born. They were all pioneers, moving on toward the sunset.

The first seven years of Abraham Lincoln's life passed in Kentucky. But Thomas Lincoln was not altogether happy there. On two successive farms he had trouble with titles. He heard that land was cheap in Indiana, that crops were abundant there, and that titles were secure. He did not like slavery, which existed in Kentucky. Moreover, the urge of the pioneer spirit was in his blood. In the fall of 1816 he launched a flatboat on Rolling Fork of Salt River, only a little distance from his home, and prepared to move. Salt River empties into the Ohio. Out from the narrower stream he floated into the broad current of the Ohio to the mouth of Anderson's Creek in Indiana. There he left his household goods, which he had brought with him on the raft. A settler named Posey gave him storage for his belongings. Thomas Lincoln walked back from the river into the woods until

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he found a spot which he thought would make an attractive home. He marked this spot by cutting and piling some brush at the corners, and then walked on to Vincennes, where the land office was located, and made record of his claim.

Returning to Posey's house, he set out again on his return trip, and in a walk of three or four days made his way back to Knob Creek. He told Nancy and the children of the fine location that he had selected and instructed them to get ready to move.

The childhood of Abraham Lincoln was at an end. Before him stretched the fourteen years of his boyhood life in Indiana.

CHAPTER III

ACROSS THE RIVER

THE journey of Thomas and Nancy Lincoln and their two children, Sarah and Abraham, from Kentucky to Indiana was not one of great hardship. We know from the tax lists that Thomas Lincoln had four horses when he lived on Knob Creek. He had one or more cows and some hogs. Probably he took with him not more than two horses, one or two young cows, two or three pigs and some chickens. The few household goods were already in Indiana, stored in the Posey home. Thomas and Nancy each rode a horse and carried a bundle of bedding, and they had a pot and a skillet.

The iron pot was one-third full of ashes and contained buried in the ashes a few red coals. When this pot was emptied at noon and again at night it looked as if the fire had entirely gone out, but Thomas and Nancy were skilful in making fires. A very few black coals would be found

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and with a good deal of blowing would be warmed to redness. Bits of dry leaf would soon provide a blaze and there was fire not only for the cooking and night's camp, but there were coals next morning to make a fire for breakfast and more coals to put in the pot again. The fire which Thomas and Nancy Lincoln took with them from Kentucky may have blazed upon their hearth in Indiana for five or ten years without once wholly going out.

A few years ago an old log house was taken down that had stood for seventy years in Missouri. It was said that not once in the seventy years had fire gone out on that hearth and that the fire which blazed there through three generations had been the same that was carried in an iron pot from Kentucky and before that had been carried through Cumberland Gap from Virginia. This is quite likely an exaggeration, but it may have been very nearly true. The pioneer could make a fire if he had to by rubbing sticks, Indian fashion, or by flint and steel or by a flash of gunpowder, but he did not commonly do it in any of these ways. If the fire went out on the hearth at home he borrowed from a neighbor, and neighbors were so far apart that he took pains to keep the fire burning.

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There is no record of the stages by which the Lincolns made their journey or of the visits that preceded it. We are sure, however, that the family received visits from their relatives living in Mercer and Washington Counties before their final removal. The first night out they very likely spent with relations on Nolin Creek where Nancy had two aunts living, Betsy Sparrow and Polly Friend, both sisters of her mother. Moving a few miles farther, they may have spent a night with old friends in Elizabethtown, where they first lived after their marriage. They almost certainly would have visited Thomas Lincoln's married sister, Nancy Brumfield, who lived on Mill Creek in Hardin County, and would have said good-by to his mother, Bathsheba, the widow of Captain Abraham Lincoln. They may even have gone a little out of their way to Grayson County to visit Abraham's cousins, Abraham, James and the younger Mordecai, children of Abraham's Uncle Mordecai, Thomas Lincoln's oldest brother.

They had leisure for visiting in those days, and journeys were not made in haste. Then followed about three days of rather easy traveling in cheerful autumn weather. Kentucky at that season has a delightful climate. There

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were settlers along the way with whom they may have spent the night, but if they slept out-of-doors it was no great hardship. There was a cheerful camp-fire and it was not difficult to rake up a thick bed of dry leaves to be covered over with blankets and deerskins.

The rate of travel depended upon the speed of the cows and pigs. Abraham and Sarah rode behind their parents when they forded streams, the cows and pigs being driven across in front of the horses. But most of the way the children probably walked, and the journey tired them just enough to insure sound sleep at night. At night the cows and horses were tethered or hobbled so that they could graze, but not stray far.

At length, after an exciting journey, about a week after their departure from Knob Creek, they came to the Ohio River. It was a wide and noble stream, much the largest river Abraham and Sarah had ever seen. It was so far across it scarcely seemed possible that the ferryman on the other side could hear their shouting. But he came across in a flatboat that was fastened to a kind of rope trolley line, stretched across the river. Two ropes attached to the boat ran to pulleys on this cable, and the ferryman knew how, by shortening the one at the bow, to make

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the current assist him in carrying the boat across. The boat was large enough to hold not only Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, but both horses and the live stock and the children. It could have carried a wagon and a yoke of oxen. Abraham and Sarah heard the ripples that seemed great waves as they washed against the boat, and they wondered if the ocean itself could be much bigger.

After what seemed a very long voyage, the boat came to land. Thomas and Nancy and the children stepped out upon a new shore. They were no longer in Kentucky. This new strange land, on the other side of the great water, was Indiana. It seemed to Abraham and Sarah that they were very far from home.

The place where they ferried across was called Troy. It was situated at the mouth of Anderson's Creek, and it was just beginning to believe that it was destined to become a great city. For it was at this time the county-seat, and was the terminus of the road that led up the river toward Pittsburgh. But there was no road to Thomas Lincoln's farm. Part of the way he had to cut a passage through the woods. He borrowed a wagon, piled in his household goods and family, and drove eighteen miles into the very heart of the wilderness.

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There is no reason to suppose that Nancy Hanks Lincoln was dragged unwillingly by a vagrant husband from her Kentucky home to the hardships of the new adventure in Indiana. She as well as he belonged to a migratory stock, and her people were accustomed to moving as frequently as the Lincolns. Her uncle, Joseph Hanks, was already a resident in Indiana, and his name appears there as a juror in a case that was tried at Troy, in January, 1815, three and one-half years before she and Thomas migrated thither. On the same year, 1815, Josiah Lincoln, brother of Thomas, received his patent for land on which he had still earlier made his home in Indiana. Both Thomas and Nancy had been hearing for several years from relatives on both sides about the attractiveness of Indiana, and one of them was probably as ready to move as the other. But pioneer life, with its deprivation and loneliness, was very hard upon women, and Nancy had been moving ever since she left Virginia, a babe in her mother's arms. And she, as it proved, was to be the sorest sufferer from the hardships of their migration from Kentucky.

Abraham Lincoln, in giving the reasons for his father's removal from Kentucky, wrote, in June, 1860:

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“The removal was partly on account of slavery, but chiefly on account of the difficulty in land titles in Kentucky.”

Negro slavery in the United States began in Colonial Virginia, in 1619, and it spread more or less to the other colonies. But it proved more profitable in the South than in the North, and was especially profitable in the states that raised large quantities of cotton. In time it was excluded from all the northern states, but was tolerated in the border states and defended vigorously in the cotton states. The North was not alone in its belief that slavery was an evil. George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Richard Henry Lee and other noted men in the South saw clearly that it was wrong, and hoped for the day when it should be abolished. But the abolition of slavery grew more difficult as the South depended more and more on cotton. “Cotton is king,” said some of the southern leaders.

Shortly after the Revolutionary War, the Congress had to decide what should be done with the large territory lying west of Pennsylvania, the westernmost of the northern colonies, and the Mississippi River. Four states claimed it, but the Congress decided that this region had been

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won by the united efforts of all the thirteen colonies, and should be organized as a territory, awaiting the time when it should be cut up into new states.

At that time it was agreed that this new Northwest Territory, as it was called, should be forever free from slavery. Some of the southern representatives in Congress, notably Richard Henry Lee, were among the most insistent upon this provision. These were joined in equally earnest effort by such men as Rufus Putnam, of Massachusetts.

So the Ordinance of 1787 was adopted, creating this new Northwest Territory, comprising what are now the five states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, and it was stipulated in its organic law that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, should ever exist in that territory.

A very earnest effort was made to secure the same provision for Kentucky. In her first Constitutional Convention were ministers of three denominations, Baptist, Presbyterian and Methodist, and every one of these ministers early advocated the organization of Kentucky as a free state. But Kentucky had been a county of Vir-

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ginia, and there were many slaves within it when the territory became a state, and the effort to make it a free state failed. There was, however, in Kentucky, a strong sentiment against slavery. The Baptist Church, of which the Lincolns were members, divided on account of slavery, and the Lincolns went with the part that stood for freedom.

The Lincolns did not see very much of slavery in Kentucky, and what they saw of it was a very mild form. Still, they thought it wrong, and they were glad to bring up their children where there was no slavery.

So it came to pass that the crossing of the Ohio River to the new Indiana home, resulted in the rearing of Abraham Lincoln in a free state instead of a slave state.

CHAPTER IV

“PRETTY PINCHING TIMES”

WINTER was not far away and a home had to be made quickly. That home was the kind called “a half-faced camp.” To make such a camp a square space was dug out of the side of a hill with the opening toward the south. Poles then were cut and laid in a crib to fit against the back, with two sloping sides made in part by the hill. Other poles were cut for the rafters of a shed-roof sloping with the hill to the front. There was no door unless the whole open front were to be called a door, but this was low and partly protected by skins. There the Lincoln family spent the first winter.

They had what Abraham Lincoln afterward called “pretty pinching times.” It was a severe winter all over the country and we have records of its heavy storms and of its severe temperature. It was known as the year “Eighteen-hundred and froze to death.” But beyond his recollection

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of its having been a “pinching time,” no details of what that winter brought to the Lincolns have been recorded. A person accustomed to present-day luxury would have deemed it a pitiful existence, and the Lincolns knew they were having a hard time, but they did not suffer as much as we might imagine. There was plenty of wood for a big fire, there was abundance of game, and the smoked pork and corn meal which they had brought with them did not give out.

In the spring, and as early as the weather permitted, preparations were made for a permanent home, and also for the making of a farm.

We are not to suppose that all the trees were cut down from the little corn-field which the Lincolns planted that first spring. That would have been far too great a task. The trees were simply girdled or deadened; a notch about two inches deep was cut around each of the larger ones. The smaller trees were cut down and burned. Then the surface of ground was scratched with a “bull-tongue” plow, and a little crop of corn was chopped in. The method of planting was for Thomas to go ahead with an ax and chop a hole with one stroke about every two feet. Sarah probably followed him and dropped in two or three kernels of corn and occa-

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sionally a pumpkin seed, and Abraham followed with a hoe and covered the seeds that had been planted. Not till the corn was in was the house built. The corn would be growing while they were building the house. The half-faced camp was more nearly comfortable in the spring than it had been in the winter, so they were in no great haste. They made as large a deadening as they could and planted what they hoped would be a sufficient crop to last them through the next winter.

Abraham Lincoln was now eight years old, and a tall strong boy for his years. Into his hands now was put what he called "that most useful instrument, the ax." He said afterward that it was rarely out of his hands from that time until he was twenty-three. He was growing, and at the age of eleven he took a sudden and very rapid growth and at fourteen he had shot up to six feet in height. By the time he was seventeen he had reached his full stature of six feet and nearly four inches. He was a tall and athletic young giant and his muscles were like raw-hide. While he was still a youth, it was said of him that he could sink an ax deeper in the wood than any boy of the same age in the neighborhood. The time came when he could



That most useful instrument, the ax, was rarely out of his hands from that time until he was twenty-three.

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take an ax between his thumb and forefinger and, grasping it by the end of the helve, could lift and hold it straight out on a level with his shoulder. He was slender but stalwart, and his constant exercise kept him well and strong.

The house which Thomas Lincoln built with the aid of his son Abraham, and some assistance from Nancy and Sarah, was of hewn logs. It was the half-faced camp which made such a house possible. If the family had been living in the wagon all winter or in a mere brush hut, they would have felt the need of haste, and would have been content with “a round log house” instead of “a square log house.” But the corn of that first season required very little plowing and the whole summer was available for the building of the house. Thomas Lincoln must have had help from neighbors at the “raising,” for the house was eighteen feet square and no one man with the help of a little boy and girl and one woman could erect the walls of a house like that. He had to cut down large trees and square them and notch them.

Abraham did such part of the chopping as an eight-year-old boy could do. A deep notch was chopped on one side of the tree, and then a notch almost as deep on the other. The

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deeper notch was cut on the side in which direction the tree was intended to fall. When the second notch had been cut almost through, the top of the tree began to move just a trifle, and Thomas said, "Look out, it's going to fall!" Then Abraham stood back as the massive trunk began to bend. At first the movement was so slow it was not certain that the tree was going to fall. Thomas gave one or two quick and very heavy strokes just at that moment. Then he stood back. The trunk moved more swiftly, the branches began to bend and break against the branches of other trees. There was a rustling and a cracking and a crashing. With a thundering noise the great monarch of the forest fell, and there was a moment of almost painful silence. Thomas looked at the tree as it lay and decided whether it would make one log or two for the house. It was trimmed by the cutting off of branches, and a twenty-foot length was cut from the butt. Then if it was tall enough and large enough before it began to divide, another length might perhaps be cut from it. But for a square log house most trees held only one cut. From this heavy log the sides were hewn off so that it lay perhaps a foot thick with a notch and a bevel in each end, eighteen feet of inside measurement.

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There came a day when all the neighbors assembled for Tom Lincoln's "raising." A raising was a great event. All the men for miles around, a dozen of them perhaps, assembled for this task. Their wives came too, and assisted Nancy in the preparation of a great dinner. They probably had deer and wild turkey and ruffed grouse, and that precious luxury, as the backwoods esteemed it, salt pork. Not yet did they have hot biscuit, but they had abundance of excellent corn pone. It may have been late enough in the season to have wild honey. Butter was still a luxury, but for such an occasion they may have had it. They certainly had corn whisky, without which no important social event of that day was complete. It is to be hoped they used it temperately, for Thomas Lincoln himself was a temperate man, and his son Abraham grew up with no love of strong drink. It was an all-day task to lift the heavy logs into position, even with the whole neighborhood helping, and there must have been favorable comment on the size of this house. Sixteen feet was as large as most cabins were then, and the round log type was the rule. A cabin eighteen feet square and high enough for a loft to be reached by a ladder was a rather large and important building.

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Into this new house with a generous fireplace and an earthen floor the Lincoln family moved some time during the summer or early autumn of 1817. The half-faced camp did not long stand empty. Thomas and Elizabeth Sparrow, Nancy's foster parents, with their adopted son, Dennis Hanks, the child of Mrs. Lincoln's Aunt Nancy, came and lived in the half-faced camp and after them came another uncle and aunt, this same Aunt Nancy with her husband Levi Hall and their two sons, Squire and William.

There now was quite a little colony on Pigeon Creek where Thomas Lincoln had built his new home, and life began to be almost as friendly and comfortable as it had been in Kentucky. The period of extreme hardship seemed to be over. But a terrible sickness came in the autumn of 1818. The cows ate dangerous wild herbs when other green things were growing scarce, and this food made the milk dangerous. The plant that caused milk-sickness is *Eupatorium urticafolium*, or prickly leaved snake-root, and it is found more or less in all states east of the Mississippi, but cattle do not eat it when good grass is available. The cows themselves first got sick, and then people who had been drinking the milk. The settlers knew from the beginning

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how the disease had come. They called it “milk sick.” It carried off many cows and a number of people. Thomas and Elizabeth Sparrow both died.

Thomas Lincoln had been busy all fall cutting logs into lumber with a whip-saw and making them into coffins. Abraham had to help him. It was a sorry day when Thomas at one end of the saw and the little boy at the other whip-sawed the planks for a coffin for Nancy Hanks Lincoln.

She had been a good woman and a faithful mother and her son always remembered her with reverent affection. She was sick only seven days and toward the end was very weak. There was no physician nearer than thirty-five miles. Thomas Lincoln was a good husband, and the two children waited on their mother and did all they could to help. The mother knew that she was going to die. She placed her hand on the head of her son Abraham and told him to be kind and good to his father and sister. To both of them she said, “Be good to each other.” She expressed the hope that they might live as she had taught them to live, to love each other, to do good and to worship God. The date of her death was October 5, 1818.

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So she died, that young mother in the backwoods, being only thirty-five years of age, and leaving her husband, two children of her own and her cousin, Dennis Hanks, who was dependent on her for a home.

It was not the custom of the southern backwoods to hold funeral services at the time of burial. Bodies were usually buried on the day after death, for there were no means of preserving them. The funeral was usually held at a convenient time some weeks or months later. Reverend David Elkins, a pioneer preacher from Kentucky, came through southern Indiana the following summer and preached a funeral sermon above the graves of Nancy Hanks Lincoln and her relatives and friends. Several families had lost relatives in the epidemic, and one service included them all. The whole of the little community assembled under the oaks when Parson Elkins preached.

Whoever selected that burial place for the dead of that pioneer settlement chose a lovely spot. No house stood there to shut in the sorrowful congregation and none stands there now. The leafy earth was beneath them, and above were the green branches of the forest, and still above was the blue of the sky. There stood

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Thomas Lincoln, a little twelve-year-old girl on one side, and a tall, ten-year-old boy on the other, and they mingled their tears with those of the entire neighborhood. The grief that bowed their heads that day was shared by the whole settlement.

The spot where Lincoln was born belongs to the United States, and it is maintained as a public park. The hill where Nancy Hanks Lincoln and her foster parents are buried belongs to the State of Indiana, is well kept, and is to be still further improved. Thither increasing numbers of pilgrims go and stand with reverent feet where Abraham Lincoln wept above the grave of his mother.

CHAPTER V

THE AX, THE BOOK AND THE PINE KNOT

ONE of life's greatest blessings is the necessity that forbids us to sit down and think wholly of our grief. Deep as was the sorrow of Thomas Lincoln and his motherless household, there was work that had to be done. There were other coffins to be sawed, and the carpenter had to make any article needed by the living as well. Thomas Lincoln could not afford to be idle, and every member of his family had to work. Crops must be planted and tended and gathered; horses and cattle must be cared for; trees must be cut down and rails split and fire-wood chopped and carried. Not for a single day could grief abandon itself to utter idleness. Thomas worked, and Abraham worked, and Dennis, who was twenty years old at this time, more than earned his board. He and Abraham slept in the loft which they reached by climbing up a row of pegs driven in the corner logs, and if the bed was not very soft they were too tired to complain of it.

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But heaviest of all fell the burden upon little Sarah. She was the housekeeper after her mother's death, and she was only twelve years old. The boys helped her, to be sure, but she was the cook. She was a quiet girl, with a disposition like that of her father, calm, good-natured and rather serious. Hers was not a light task in the months after her mother died. Fortunately she did not have to do this work alone for a very long time.

Such a home had great need of a mother. A little more than a year after the death of his first wife, Thomas Lincoln went back to Elizabethtown where Sarah Bush Johnston lived. She was the widow of Daniel Johnston, who had been jailer of Hardin County. Thomas Lincoln had several times acted as a guard of prisoners and knew Johnston and his wife. He had known Sarah before either of them were married, and they had been good friends. Daniel Johnston had left her with three children, a son John and two daughters, Elizabeth and Matilda. He also left her with a number of unpaid debts. Her home, however, had furniture much better than that of the average pioneer cabin. She and Thomas Lincoln were married December 2, 1819. It is interesting to know that while he had

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been through two hard years as a pioneer he brought with him to Kentucky quite a little money. The first thing he did was to pay up Sarah's bills so that she could leave Kentucky with no debts behind her. Then he borrowed four horses and a wagon from his brother-in-law, Ralph Crume, and loaded in his new wife's furniture which filled the wagon. The three children climbed in, and Sarah Bush Lincoln said good-by to her relatives and friends, and went with Thomas Lincoln into the wilderness.

Sarah or Sally Lincoln knew the conditions of pioneer homes and probably was not very much disappointed at what she found waiting for her, but her first sight of the Lincoln cabin must have been a depressing one. Little Sarah had done her best at housekeeping, but both she and Abraham had been very much neglected. Dennis also was a sorry sight. All three of the children were ragged and unkempt.

Sally Lincoln was a woman of decision. She soon produced a gourd of soft soap and a tub of water and set Abraham and Dennis at the task of cleaning up. Before long she made new and better clothes for the children. She insisted that Thomas Lincoln should saw out a floor for the cabin. She made a clean sweep of much of the

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old furnishings, and put in her own chairs and chests and table. Then she sent Thomas Lincoln several miles to where they were beginning to burn lime and she white-washed the inside of the home. It began to be a very attractive place compared to what it formerly had been. Her furniture seemed gorgeous in the bare cabin.

The census of 1810 had enumerated as resident in Hardin County, Kentucky, the family of Thomas Lincoln, consisting of one male between twenty-six and forty-five, one female between twenty-six and forty-five, and one male and one female, both under ten years of age. We can easily identify these four persons so enumerated as Thomas and Nancy Lincoln and their two children, Sarah and Abraham. The census of 1820 enumerated as resident in Spencer County, Indiana, the family of Thomas Lincoln, with one male above twenty-six and under forty-five, who, of course, was Thomas Lincoln, one male above sixteen and under twenty-six, who was Dennis Hanks, one male above ten and under sixteen, who was Abraham Lincoln, and one male under ten, who was John D. Johnston. There were also one female above twenty-six and under forty-five, Sarah Bush Lincoln, two females above ten and under sixteen, Sarah Lincoln and

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Elizabeth Johnston, and one female under ten, Matilda Johnston. It recorded further that of the family three were engaged in agriculture, who must have been Thomas, Dennis and Abraham. These are the first official records of any kind in which Abraham Lincoln is known to have been included.

Abraham was still chopping, and Dennis and the two Hall boys, sons of Levi and Nancy Hanks Hall, chopped with him. In time Dennis Hanks married Sally Lincoln's daughter, Elizabeth Johnston; and Squire Hall married her other daughter, Matilda. It is much to the credit of this strangely assorted family, and greatly to the honor of Sally Lincoln, that these four lots of children lived together happily. The two Lincoln children, the three Johnston children, and Dennis Hanks were the permanent members of the family, but the Hall boys were there much of the time. She was virtually the mother of all eight.

It is a little remarkable that Abraham Lincoln became her favorite. She said in after years that she loved him as she loved her own son. It would not have been becoming in her to say that she loved him better. She was as true to him as his own mother could ever have been

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and she declared that he never gave her one cross word.

For three short terms Abraham attended school. His first teacher was Andrew Crawford. The second was a man named Sweeney, and the third was Azel Dorsey. The school was a mile and a quarter from the house, and the children walked back and forth each day. Terms at school were short and the teachers were none too efficient. However, Abraham learned to read the *Kentucky Preceptor* and *Murray's English Reader* and the English Bible. He became an excellent speller and he could figure as far as the rule of three in *Pike's Arithmetic*. Mr. Crawford did not stop with this. He taught a school of manners. One pupil would go out and returning would knock at the door and be greeted by another pupil who would take him around and introduce him in what he would deem the proper form. Of his education, Abraham Lincoln wrote in 1860:

“Before leaving Kentucky he and his sister were sent for short periods to A. B. C. schools, the first kept by Zachariah Riney, and the second by Caleb Hazel. At this time his father resided on Knob Creek, on the road from Bardstown,

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Kentucky, to Nashville, Tennessee, at a point three or three and a half miles south or southwest of Atherton's Ferry, on the Rolling Fork. From this place he removed to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in the autumn of 1816. Abraham being then in his eighth year. . . .

"His father's residence continued in the same place in Indiana till 1830. While here Abraham went to A. B. C. schools by littles. His three schools were kept successively by Andrew Crawford, ——— Sweeney and Azel W. Dorsey. He does not remember any other. The family of Mr. Dorsey now resides in Schuyler County, Illinois. Abraham now thinks that the aggregate of all his schooling did not amount to more than one year. He was never in a college or academy as a student, and never inside a college or academy building till since he had a law license. What he has in the way of education, he has picked up. After he was twenty-three, and had separated from his father, he studied English grammar, imperfectly, of course, but so as to speak and write as well as he now does. He studied and nearly mastered the Six Books of Euclid since he was a member of Congress. He regrets his want of education, and does what he can to supply the want."

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Of his later studies of grammar and Euclid we shall have occasion to remind ourselves later. We now recall his Indiana days. Of these he said in his sketch prepared in 1859:

“My father . . . removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in my eighth year. We reached our new home about the time the state came into the Union. It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond readin’, writin’, and cypherin’ to the Rule of Three. If a straggler supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course, when I came of age, I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write and cypher to the Rule of Three, but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education, I have picked up from time to time under pressure of necessity.”

The “Rule of Three” which was a landmark in mathematical study, was what modern

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arithmetics call "proportion." Abraham learned this, simple and compound proportion, or as it was called, "The Single Rule of Three" and "The Double Rule of Three" from *Pike's Arithmetic*, and we are able to assure ourselves that he did not find it very easy.

Some sheets are preserved on which Abraham Lincoln wrought out some of his problems in arithmetic. His work was carefully done. He also wrote his name with a jingle which was then, and long had been, popular with school-boys:

"Abraham Lincoln
his hand and pen;
he will be good but
God knows when."

He carefully printed his name:

"Abraham Lincoln, His Book."

on a page with a problem in his handwriting, copied from his arithmetic:

"An army of 10000 men having plundered a City, took so much money that when it was divided among them each man had £27. I demand how much money was taken in all."

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To get the answer, Abraham multiplied ten thousand by twenty-seven, and when he had obtained the total, two hundred and seventy thousand pounds, he divided that amount by twenty-seven, and so proved his multiplication.

Here are some of the problems which Abraham Lincoln had to solve in *Pike's Arithmetic* under the Single Rule of Three:

“If my income be 109 guineas per annum, I desire to know what I may spend per day, so that I may lay up 45 pounds at the year's end.”

The answer was required in dollars.

And this is what he had to face under the “Double Rule of Three”:

“A regiment of soldiers, consisting of 745 men, is to be clothed, each suit to contain $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of cloth, which is $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards wide, and lined with shalloon $\frac{7}{8}$ inch wide: how many yards of shalloon will line them?”

It would do a modern grammar or high-school student good to wrestle for a term with *Pike's Arithmetic*.

Schoolhouses, of course, were bare buildings and without windows. A section of log may have been cut out on each side to afford light and

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air or there may have been only such light as came through the open door and through the cracks between the logs. The benches were puncheon, logs split and hewn until they were thought to be smooth and with legs driven through auger-holes from below. It was not usually thought necessary to saw off the legs where they projected beyond the surface of the bench. The seats had no backs; there were no desks. Paper was too great a luxury for children to afford often; slates were not abundant.

Katie Roby attended school with Abraham Lincoln, and they liked each other. They were having a spelling match one day and she stood on one side and Abraham on the other. Crawford gave out the word "defied." She was not sure whether to spell it with an *i* or a *y*. If she spelled it with a *y* she would have to sit down and Abraham's side would gain with her failure. In helplessness she looked across at Abraham, who held up his finger to his eye. She spelled it properly and afterward remembered with gratitude that he helped her when her failure would have been an advantage to his side.

The little incidents which his school friends remembered about him in after years were of his courage and his kindness and his fairness.

CHAPTER VI

DOWN THE OHIO

ALL the time Abraham Lincoln was in school in Indiana, people were moving from the East down the Ohio River, and he was hearing more and more about new cities and states far down that stream and the Mississippi. From time to time he met more people who had lived in distant places. At one time, for a few days, he and Dennis Hanks went to Louisville, and worked on the canal by which the boats were to be floated around the rapids. There was a time when he thought it would be a fine thing if he could only get education enough to be a clerk on a river steamer. Whatever he was to do, he must get more education. So he kept on in his efforts to gain knowledge.

A part of education comes to us in learning what is taught to us in books, and another and important part is in what we learn to express.

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Essays were written in Crawford's school. Abraham's first essay was on cruelty to animals. He told the boys that it was wicked to put hot coals on the backs of mud turtles to make them stick out their heads and feet.

He began to write on temperance and such other subjects as seemed to him profitable.

He was fond of writing. He was borrowing newspapers from a friend, Mr. William Wood, to whom he showed a composition he had written on the American Government. Mr. Wood showed it to Judge John Pitcher, of Rockport, who read it with admiration, and said "the world couldn't beat it." Once he wrote an article on Temperance, which he showed to a Baptist minister named Aaron Farmer, who admired it greatly, and said it deserved to be printed.

He did not have many books, but those he had were good books. First was the Bible, then came *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Robinson Crusoe*, and *Æsop's Fables* and *The Arabian Nights*. Also there was a history of the United States and Weems' *Life of George Washington*. It is now popular to make fun of that pompous old book, but it did Lincoln much good. Many years afterward when he had been elected president and was on his way to Washington to be

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inaugurated he stopped at Trenton, where the Legislature was in session, and took occasion to speak of his indebtedness to Weems' *Life of Washington*. This book he borrowed from Crawford. At night he put it between the logs of the cabin. This was a convenient book-shelf, and ordinarily would have been safe, but the rain beat through between the logs and damaged the book. Abraham bought it, paying seventy-five cents or three days' labor at twenty-five cents a day. Crawford has been unjustly criticized for this bargain, but it was right that Abraham should pay for this book; and seventy-five cents was a reasonable price, and twenty-five cents a day was then a generous wage.

Abraham was always an orator. He made speeches in the corn-field, sometimes when his father thought he ought to be working. Not only did Abraham himself stop, but the other boys stopped work to hear him and laugh at his quaint stories and to cheer his arguments.

At night he would read either in his own cabin home or wherever he chanced to be. Pine knots in the fireplace afforded him his light. He worked his problems in arithmetic on a shovel, using a piece of charcoal as a pencil. When the shovel became so blackened with partly erased

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figures that he could not easily read them, he shaved off the surface of the shovel and began again with his clean slate.

There is no reason to suppose that his father opposed his study, but he probably did not have any high appreciation of the value of book-learning, of which he had very little. But his wife, Sally Lincoln, who had less education than Thomas, encouraged Abraham to read. Often when he came home from work he would get a book and a corn pone, and lying on his back in the shade of a tree would consume the cornbread and the book with equally good appetite.

When there was a trial before a justice of the peace, or a more noted one as far away as the county-seat, Abraham used to walk over and listen. He thought sometimes he would like to be a lawyer.

One of his most pleasant occupations was going to mill. On one occasion he rode to the Gordon mill, and, arriving late, had to wait till nearly all the water had run out of the pond. So he hitched the gray mare to the sweep, and had to follow her around as her progress slowly turned the millstone. He was urging her to greater speed, for the sun was getting low, and he struck her with a whip, saying, "Get up, you

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old hussy!" He did not say this all at once. In the middle of the sentence, she kicked, and struck him squarely in the forehead. Had she been shod, she would probably have killed him. As it was, he lay long unconscious. His father was sent for, and came with a wagon, and took the bleeding and unconscious boy home. He lay thus all night, but as the dawn came in, the watchers saw signs of returning consciousness. His first words were "you old hussy."

Abraham Lincoln thought often of that incident in after years. It seemed to him very remarkable. He had started to say "Get up, you old hussy," and having said "Get up" he was knocked senseless. The suspended thought completed itself several hours later in the utterance of the remaining words he had intended to say, and he spoke them in his first moment of partial recovery. He said it showed a very interesting trait of the human mind.

His father and his stepmother were active members of the Baptist Church on Little Pigeon Creek, and in its churchyard his only sister, Sarah, is buried. She married Aaron Grigsby, and died January 20, 1826. She was a modest and sensible girl, quiet and thoughtful. She was more like her father than her mother, was even-

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tempered and kind-hearted. She had been Abraham's schoolmate in all the periods of his education, and her death was a deep sorrow to him. Nathaniel Grigsby, her brother-in-law, said of her that she was quick-witted and intelligent, and like her brother was gentle and kind. She was more industrious than Abraham, and her friends remembered her cheerful and wholesome laugh and her manner that put other people at ease in her presence.

In his later boyhood, Abraham is described by Katie Roby as being very tall, wearing buckskin breeches, linsey shirt, and a cap made from the skin of a squirrel or raccoon. He wore low shoes without socks, and his breeches did not meet his shoes, but exposed a shin-bone, sharp, blue and narrow. He was not a handsome boy, being gaunt and awkward, but he was not a boy to be passed without a second look. He was very strong, was generous and kind and fair, and was popular because his friends knew that he was honest and manly. And he was the best scholar in school.

The Ohio River was never far away. Deep as the Lincoln home was hidden in the woods, it was within a few hours' walk and a still shorter ride on horseback from that main artery of



When he was nineteen he was employed by a neighbor to assist in navigating a flatboat down the two rivers to New Orleans.

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westward-moving life. In all the frontier years of Lincoln's boyhood in Indiana the influence of the Ohio River was a marked feature of his life.

For several months in the latter part of 1826, Abraham was employed to operate a ferry across Anderson's Creek, at Troy, where the Lincolns had crossed and been entertained when they first arrived in Indiana. It was hard work, for which he received thirty-seven cents a day. But it gave him opportunity to meet men who were passing up and down the river. About this time he read his first law-book, which he borrowed from David Turnham, the *Revised Statutes of Indiana*, but he did not begin his serious study of the law until later.

When he was nineteen he was employed by a neighbor to assist in navigating a flatboat down the two rivers to New Orleans. The boat was loaded with grain and salt pork, which were produced on the farms near the river, and were transported in this fashion to market in New Orleans. It was an experience that opened a new world to him, and he never forgot it. All his life he was interested in river navigation. Both when he was floating down the Ohio and the Mississippi, and when he was operating the

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ferry, he was in contact with the tide of life that moved along with the great stream. In time of low water, boats would be tied up for days at a time, and Abraham had opportunity to meet men from distant places and to learn much from them.

The story was related by Honorable William H. Seward as to Lincoln's earning of his first whole dollar. In some details Mr. Seward was incorrect. The boat which Lincoln used in this exploit was not the flatboat on which he later floated down the Mississippi, but a flat-bottomed rowboat, which he built for himself, while he was operating the ferry at Anderson's Creek. This was not the first money Lincoln earned, but the first dollar he ever earned in a day or less. He had completed his rowboat, and stood near it one day when a steamer was coming down the river.

"I was contemplating my new boat, and wondering whether I could make it stronger or improve it in any particular, when two men came down to the shore in carriages with trunks, and looking at the different boats singled out mine, and asked, 'Who owns this?' I answered, somewhat modestly, 'I do.' 'Will you,' said one of them, 'take us and our trunks out to the steamer?' 'Certainly,' said I. I was very glad to have the

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chance of earning something. I supposed that each of them would give me two or three bits. The trunks were put on my flatboat, the passengers seated themselves on the trunks, and I sculled them out to the steamboat.

“They got on board, and I lifted up their heavy trunks, and put them on deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again, when I called out that they had forgotten to pay me. Each of them took from his pocket a silver half dollar, and threw it on the floor of my boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up the money. Gentlemen, you may think it was a very little thing, and in these days it seems to me a trifle; but it was a most important incident in my life. I could scarcely credit that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day,—that by honest work I had earned a dollar. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was a more hopeful and confident being from that time.”

Thomas Lincoln's farm did not prove a very fertile one, and it lacked water. Wells were attempted in various parts of the farm, but with little success. Water had to be brought from a distance for a good while. This was one of the features that made work harder in the new home.

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The Sinking Spring Farm had an abundance of good water close at hand, and the Knob Creek Farm had an excellent well. In time a well was dug on the Indiana farm, though it was never as good as the one on Knob Creek.

Now and then Abraham hired out to the neighbors when there was heavy work to be done, and he still worked at home. He liked to read better than he liked to work, and was very fond of making speeches and of wrestling. He was never much given to hunting. Once when he was eight years old he shot a wild turkey, and, as he said, never afterward drew a trigger on any larger game, though once he joined in a bear-hunt. He enjoyed coon-hunting at night, and engaged in this occupation with Dennis Hanks and John Johnston, but he was not overfond of any sport that gave pain.

He was popular with other boys. He was so big, so strong, so courageous, so fair and so manly, they all liked him. Girls liked him, also. His stepsister, Matilda, youngest child of Mrs. Lincoln, liked to go to the woods with him where he was at work, and her mother forbade her doing so. One day as he went singing to his work, and making more noise than music as he sang, she crept up behind and with a catlike leap

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landed with one hand on each of his shoulders and her knees in the middle of his back. This was a trick she had seen the boys perform and knew it was not difficult to do. But she failed to reckon with a sharp ax, and in the fall her knee was badly cut. He staunched the flow of blood and bandaged the knee, and then the question came what explanation she should give to her mother. She said, "I will just tell her I cut it with the ax. That will be true." He said, "Yes, 'Tilda, but that will not be the whole truth. Tell her all about it and trust your good mother to do what is right."

In this fashion the boy Abraham Lincoln grew to manhood. He was tall, awkward, and unused to the ways of polite society, but he was at home in the corn-field, at the merry-makings, in the schoolhouse and in the spelling match, and everywhere he was a leader. Other boys referred their disputes to him, and girls knew they were safe under his protection. He was eager to learn, he found a few good books, and he was wondering what life had in store for him. So passed the years until his twenty-first birthday. Just across the threshold of his manhood another change awaited him, and it proved an important transition into new experiences.

CHAPTER VII

WINNING HIS WAY

ON THE first day of March, 1830, the family of Thomas Lincoln loaded all their household goods into a wagon drawn by four oxen and started for Illinois. The company included Thomas and Sarah Lincoln, Abraham Lincoln, John D. Johnston, Dennis Hanks and his wife Elizabeth, Squire Hall and his wife Matilda, these two girls being the daughters of Mrs. Lincoln by her first husband, and enough grandchildren of Mrs. Lincoln to make the entire party thirteen. A considerable part of the way Abraham Lincoln drove, walking beside the oxen, but he was relieved in this labor by Dennis Hanks and John D. Johnston, who took turns with him.

Why were they leaving Indiana? That state was growing to be more attractive as a place of residence, and there were friends and neighbors at hand. There were more churches and schools and better stores. The severe hardships of the

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first years were mostly over. It would seem that the Lincolns were leaving just when it was getting to be worth while to stay.

They left partly because the terrible milk-sickness returned in the autumn of 1829. None of their immediate family died, but their cattle were sick and they had bitter memories of the last time that type of illness occurred in their neighborhood. But another reason was that they belonged to a migratory stock. The urge of the pioneer was in their blood. The family had followed the great sweep of population southwestward on the eastern side of the Alleghanies, then westward across the mountains, and northwestward through Kentucky and Indiana and into Illinois. They did what thousands of other families were doing just then.

The frozen ground was beginning to thaw, and there were rough roads alternating with mud. There were no bridges and the wagon had to ford the streams. The water of these streams would freeze over at night, and the oxen had to break the ice on each side as they went into the water and came out on the farther shore. The middle of the stream usually flowed clear and always cold.

One little incident was remembered after-

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ward by Abraham in connection with this partial freezing of the streams. The family had a little dog that followed the wagon. One morning after the oxen had broken their way through, and the wagon had crossed, the family heard a whining behind them, and saw the little dog on the farther shore. He was afraid of the ice and the cold water. The ford was a difficult one, and it was decided that it was not worth while to drive the heavy wagon with its four oxen through the stream and back again, so the wagon drove on. But Abraham could not forget the little dog whining and grieving on the other shore. Icy cold as the water was, he stripped off his shoes and waded back, rescued the little dog and carried him across in his arms.

This is almost the only incident that has been preserved of a really memorable journey excepting that in one town, named Palestine, where they spent a night, Abraham saw a juggler, and was much interested in his feats of sleight of hand; and when they passed through Vincennes he saw for the first time in his life a printing press.

John Hanks, who was a first cousin of Lincoln's mother, son of her oldest brother William, had moved up from Kentucky and settled for a



On the first day of March, 1830, the family of Thomas Lincoln loaded all their household goods into a wagon drawn by four oxen and started for Illinois.

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time in Indiana and then moved on to Illinois. Dennis Hanks visited him there in the fall of 1829, and came back with attractive stories of that wonderful new state. His narrative had much to do with the family's decision to move to Illinois. The destination toward which they journeyed was Decatur, near which John Hanks had made his home.

About the middle of March, 1830, they reached Decatur, and camped one night in what is now the public square of that town. When Abraham was a lawyer, years afterward, in one of his visits to Decatur, he told a friend that he could identify the very spot where the wagon had stood. A tablet now marks the spot.

Next day they drove to the home of John Hanks. He had prepared for their coming by cutting logs for a house. With his help and that of the four men, Thomas, Abraham, Dennis and John, the logs were speedily erected into a cabin. All five then went at the farm work with great industry. They broke ten acres of prairie sod and planted a crop of sowed corn. They cut down trees and split rails and fenced in this field. All this they accomplished while yet it was spring, and by summer they were settled and at home.

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Abraham Lincoln was now twenty-one years and four months of age. He was no longer needed at home; both his stepsisters were married, and their husbands lived in the family, as also did John D. Johnston. He now went forth to win his own way in the world, and from that time he won it. He had done a son's full duty up to that hour, nor did he later fail. He still bore in mind the needs of his father and his step-mother, and from time to time found ways of assisting them.

That summer he worked for days' wages in the harvest-field, and in the autumn he split rails and performed other labor as he had opportunity. It was remembered afterward that during that summer he made his first public address. A man by the name of Posey came to Decatur and made a political speech. John Hanks boasted that Abraham could make a better one. The crowd was very willing to let him try, so Abraham mounted a stump and delivered an oration about the navigation of the Sangamon River. This river, on which his father built his cabin, was to exercise an important influence on the life of Abraham Lincoln. Every one who heard him talk was interested in the river's navigation, and people said that Abe made a good speech.

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The winter of 1830-31 was remembered for many years as "the winter of the deep snow." Snow seemed to come down not in flakes but by bucketsful. It fell to such a depth that wild game perished and the prairies were never so well supplied afterward, as they had been before, with deer and prairie chickens. In that winter Abraham's canoe upset as he was crossing the Sangamon River to split rails for Major Warnick. His feet were frozen, and he lived for three weeks in the Warnick home waiting for his feet to heal. He was somewhat comforted by some books he found there and perhaps also by the presence of Polly Warnick.

In the following spring there came to Decatur a man named Denton Offutt, one of those geniuses who make either a spectacular success or a large failure in life. He talked very convincingly of the profit that was to be made in buying salt pork and shelled corn in Illinois and floating it down the Sangamon, the Illinois and the Mississippi Rivers, to New Orleans. He was told that there were some men near by who had actually made that journey, and he asked to meet John Hanks, John D. Johnston and Abraham Lincoln. He offered to hire them at the large sum of fifty cents a day and a bonus of sixty dol-

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lars each if they would convey down the river to New Orleans a boat which he was to build. He told them that he would procure a boat and have it ready in the Sangamon River near the little town of Springfield, early in March. They eagerly accepted his proposition. John D. Johnston made his way across country from Decatur to Springfield, but Abraham Lincoln and John Hanks thought it better to go down the river in a canoe, for the country was flooded by the melting snow. They arrived at Springfield, and found Offutt but no flatboat. He was enjoying what he found to eat and drink at the Buck-Horn Tavern, and was neither drinking water nor thinking very much about sailing upon it. He proposed to the men, however, that they should build the boat, and said he would pay them for their time in doing it at the rate of fifty cents a day each. So they cut down trees and built a flatboat into which they loaded barrels of salt pork and live hogs and sacks of corn, and so started down the Sangamon River. It was later than they had expected to start, and the river was lower than it had been, and that is an important fact in this story.

After the flatboat had been finished early in April, 1831, and before it had started down the

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river, an incident occurred that gave Abraham a deserved reputation for courage. A man who had helped in the building of the flatboat, Mr. John Roll, told this story:

“It was the spring following the winter of the deep snow. Walter Carman, John Seamon and myself, and at times others of the Carman boys, had helped Abe in building the boat, and when we had finished we went to work to make a dugout, or canoe, to be used as a small boat with the flat. We found a suitable log about an eighth of a mile up the river, and with our axes went to work under Lincoln’s direction. The river was very high, fairly ‘booming.’ After the dugout was ready to launch we took it to the edge of the water, and made ready to ‘let her go,’ when Walter Carman and John Seamon jumped in as the boat struck the water, each one anxious to be the first to get a ride. As they shot out from the shore they found they were unable to make any headway against the strong current. Carman had the paddle, and Seamon was in the stern of the boat. Lincoln shouted to them to ‘head up-stream,’ and ‘work back to shore,’ but they found themselves powerless against the stream.

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“At last they began to pull for the wreck of an old flatboat, the first ever built on the Sangamon, which had sunk and gone to pieces, leaving one of the stanchions sticking above the water. Just as they reached it Seamon made a grab, and caught hold of the stanchion, when the canoe capsized, leaving Seamon clinging to the old timber, and throwing Carman into the stream. It carried him down with the speed of a mill-race. Lincoln raised his voice above the roar of the flood, and yelled to Carman to swim for an old tree which stood almost in the channel, and which the action of the high water had changed.

“Carman, being a good swimmer, succeeded in catching a branch, and pulled himself up out of the water, which was very cold and had almost chilled him to death; and there he sat shivering and chattering in the tree. Lincoln, seeing Carman safe, called out to Seamon to let go the stanchion and swim for the tree. With some hesitation he obeyed, and struck out, while Lincoln cheered and directed him from the bank. As Seamon neared the tree he made one grab for a branch, and, missing it, went under the water. Another desperate lunge was successful, and he climbed up beside Carman. Things were pretty

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exciting now, for there were two men in the tree, and the boat was gone.

“It was a cold, raw April day, and there was great danger of the men becoming benumbed, and falling back into the water. Lincoln called out to them to keep their spirits up and he would save them. The village had been alarmed by this time, and many people had come down to the bank. Lincoln procured a rope, and tied it to a log. He called all hands to come and help roll the log into the water, and after this had been done, he, with the assistance of several others, towed it some distance up the stream. A daring young fellow by the name of ‘Jim’ Dorrell then took his seat on the end of the log, and it was pushed out into the current, with the expectation that it would be carried down-stream against the tree where Seamon and Carman were.

“The log was well directed, and went straight to the tree; but Jim, in his impatience to help his friends, fell a victim to his good intentions. Making a frantic grab at a branch, he raised himself off the log, which was swept from under him by the raging water, and he soon joined the other two victims upon their forlorn perch. The excitement on shore increased, and almost the

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whole population of the village gathered on the river bank. Lincoln had the log pulled up the stream, and, securing another piece of rope, called to the men in the tree to catch it if they could when he should reach the tree.

“He then straddled the log himself, and gave the word to push out into the stream. When he dashed into the tree, he threw the rope over the stump of a broken limb, and let it play until it broke the speed of the log, and gradually drew it back to the tree, holding it there until the three now nearly frozen men had climbed down and seated themselves astride. He then gave orders to the people on the shore to hold fast to the end of the rope which was tied to the log, and, leaving his rope in the tree he turned the log adrift. The force of the current, acting against the taut rope swung the log around against the bank, and all were saved. The excited people, who had watched the dangerous experiment with alternate hope and fear, now broke into cheers for Abe Lincoln and praises for his brave act. This adventure made quite a hero of him along the Sangamon, and the people never tired telling of the exploit.”

This is Lincoln's own story of the eventful voyage down the river:

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“During that winter Abraham, together with his stepmother’s son, John D. Johnston, and John Hanks, yet residing in Macon County, hired themselves to Denton Offutt to take a flat-boat from Beardstown, Illinois, to New Orleans, and for that purpose were to join him (Offutt) at Springfield, Illinois, as soon as the snow should go off. When it did go off, which was about March 1, 1831, the country was so flooded as to make traveling by land impracticable; to obviate which difficulty they purchased a large canoe and came down the Sangamon River in it from where they were all living (near Decatur). This is the time and manner of Abraham’s first entrance into Sangamon County. They found Offutt at Springfield, but learned from him that he had failed in getting a boat at Beardstown. This led to their hiring themselves to him for twelve dollars per month each, and getting the timber out of the trees, and building a boat at old Sangamon town, on the Sangamon River, seven miles northwest of Springfield, which boat they took to New Orleans, substantially on the old contract.”

Because of their delayed start, John Hanks left the party when they got to St. Louis, but

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Lincoln and Offutt and John D. Johnston went on to New Orleans, where they remained a month till their boat and its cargo were sold. About the middle of the summer they came back to St. Louis, and Abraham walked to his father's home. It was Lincoln's second trip to the green city of the South.

While he was in New Orleans he saw for the first time men and women sold as slaves. He had been born in a slave state, but he had not seen much of slavery, yet had always believed it wrong. When he saw the auction with men and women sold like cattle, his soul protested, and he is said to have declared that some day he would find a chance to hit that institution, and if he did he would "hit it hard." The time came when he had that chance, and he hit it hard.

CHAPTER VIII

NEW SALEM

MANY of life's most important experiences grow out of what appear to be accidents. A very annoying accident occurred while Lincoln and his friends were starting out on their flat-boat for New Orleans. They had been delayed so long in the work of building the boat that the waters which followed the melting of the "deep snow" of the winter of 1830-31 had fallen. The land was no longer flooded, and the streams no longer overflowed their banks. The Sangamon had been running far above the banks when Abraham Lincoln and John Hanks launched their canoe in Decatur; the water was deep and the current was swift, and they doubted the wisdom of John D. Johnston, who was making his way by land. But by the time they had built the boat, the water had lowered. That fact made an important difference in the career of Abraham Lincoln.

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On the nineteenth of April, 1831, only a day or two after the flatboat had been launched, that craft stuck on a mill dam. Its cargo had to be partly removed and other adjustments had to be made in order to get the flatboat over the dam. There was water in the hold of the flatboat, and an auger was borrowed from the saw-mill to let the water out of the boat where it projected over the dam. The man who used the auger and so helped the boat to float free was Abraham Lincoln. A man who saw him on that day said that he stood in the water with his trousers "rolled up about five feet." Lincoln was a tall young man but not so tall as that.

The mill on whose dam the flatboat stuck was the Rutledge and Cameron mill at New Salem. By reason of the difficulty they had in getting the boat over the dam the men on the boat became acquainted with the people on shore. They liked the people and liked the place. Lincoln thought he had never known such friendly people nor seen so attractive a town.

The situation of New Salem was indeed beautiful. It was on a bluff about one hundred feet above the river. The stream made a bend at that point and a smaller stream flowed into the Sangamon on one side. The bluff was thus

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almost a peninsula. It was beautiful for situation, and those who founded it thought it was destined to be one of the great cities of the prairie, but everything depended upon navigating the Sangamon.

Lincoln and Offutt talked a great deal about New Salem as they floated down the river and as they were coming back to St. Louis on the steamboat. Offutt thought it was the most favorable place for him to establish a store. He was a man who talked of large things. He would rent the mill and build a store and sell dry-goods and groceries and nails and shoes, and buy pork and grain and ship them down the river. He would need a clerk, and he wanted Lincoln to be his clerk. Lincoln was more than willing, so they went back to New Salem where Offutt brought a load of goods, and they erected a little store where Lincoln became clerk.

New Salem might seem to us an unattractive pioneer town, but that was not the way it looked to Lincoln. No one of its twenty houses cost more than fifty or at most one hundred dollars, but very interesting and friendly people lived there. It was the largest town he had ever lived in, and he quickly made friends.

A crowd of rather rough young men was

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accustomed to gather in the store at New Salem. They lived around Clary's Grove, and their leader was Jack Armstrong. He was a champion fighter and wrestler in the neighborhood. Offutt boasted that Lincoln could throw him. The large sum of five dollars was offered, and William Clary matched his bet. Before very long Lincoln had put Armstrong on his back. Armstrong then attempted to win by a foul, but Lincoln picked him up and threw him heavily on the ground. It then looked as though he would have to fight the whole crowd of Clary Grove boys, but they admired his strength, courage, fairness and good nature. They became his friends and followers, and most enthusiastic of them all was Jack Armstrong. Of the Clary Grove boys, William H. Herndon wrote:

“They were friendly and good-natured; they could trench a pond, drain a bog, build a house; they could pray and fight, make a village or create a state. They would do almost anything for sport or fun, love or necessity. Though rude and rough, though life's forces ran over the edge of the bowl, foaming and sparkling in pure deviltry for deviltry's sake, yet place before them a poor man who needed their aid, a lame or sick



Before very long Lincoln had put Armstrong on his back.

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man, a defenseless woman, a widow, or an orphaned child, they melted into sympathy and charity at once. They gave all they had, and willingly toiled or played cards for more. Though there never was under the sun a more generous parcel of rowdies, a stranger's introduction was likely to be the most unpleasant part of his acquaintance with them."

Lincoln soon had another opportunity of proving his popularity. A river steamer named the *Talisman* was coming up the river from Beardstown to Springfield. It was determined to prove that Springfield was "no longer an inland town." Lincoln, as the man who knew the most about navigation, was chosen pilot, and he successfully steered the boat up-stream. It was a difficult undertaking, and when the water fell, as it did a little later in the season, it was impossible to repeat the process. The venture seemed to succeed, but in fact it destroyed the last hope of proving the Sangamon a navigable river.

Almost immediately after his arrival in New Salem there was an election, and there, for the first time, Abraham Lincoln cast a ballot. The clerk of the election was the schoolmaster, Mentor Graham. He needed help.

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"Can you write?" he asked the tall young man.

"I can make a few chicken tracks," replied Lincoln.

So on that day, and on several election days thereafter, as shown by the election sheets preserved in Springfield, Mentor Graham and Abraham Lincoln served as clerks of election in New Salem.

CHAPTER IX

CAPTAIN ABRAHAM LINCOLN

VERY soon after Lincoln's arrival in New Salem occurred the outbreak of the Black Hawk War. The settlement of Illinois had begun in the southern portion, but now the northern end was beginning to fill up.

Black Hawk, Chief of the Sacs, rose up against the whites and determined to drive them out of northern Illinois. He loved the beautiful Rock River country, and there he wished to stay.

"My reason teaches me," he said, "that land can not be sold. The Great Spirit gave it to his children to live upon, and cultivate, as far as is necessary, for their subsistence; and so long as they occupy and cultivate it they have the right to the soil, but if they voluntarily leave it, then any other people have a right to settle upon it. Nothing can be sold but such things as can be carried away."

He made a desperate effort to retain his land, but he was doomed to failure. As soon as bloodshed began, Governor Reynolds called for volun-

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teers to put down the Indian uprising. Lincoln immediately volunteered, and in a popular election was chosen captain of his company. Lincoln was greatly pleased and afterward said that no honor that came to him in later life made him so happy as his election to this office. Jack Armstrong was his top sergeant.

The troops were ordered to assemble at Beardstown, on the Illinois River at the point of its confluence with the Sangamon. From there they marched northward to Dixon, and from there toward Galena, and later into Wisconsin.

The nearest Lincoln came to an actual engagement in the war was at Kellogg's Grove, when a skirmish took place on June twenty-fifth. Lincoln's company came up soon after it was over, and helped bury the five men killed. It was to this experience that he later referred when he told a friend of coming upon a camp of white scouts one morning just as the sun was rising. The Indians had surprised the camp, and had killed and scalped every man.

"I remember just how those men looked," said Lincoln, "as we rode up the little hill where their camp was. The red light of the morning sun was streaming upon them as they lay with heads toward us on the ground. And every man

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had a round red spot on the top of his head about as big as a dollar, where the redskins had taken his scalp. It was frightful, but it was grotesque; and the red sunlight seemed to paint everything all over." Lincoln paused, as if recalling the vivid picture, and added irrelevantly, "I remember that one man had buckskin breeches on."

When Lincoln's first enlistment had expired he reenlisted, this time as a private, and then for a third time he took the oath, and continued in the service till the end of the war.

Perhaps the bravest thing he did while a soldier in this war was to interfere in defense of an old and friendly Indian who had come to camp, and whom the soldiers threatened with death. Lincoln was always kind-hearted and he did not permit the old Indian to suffer.

It was a short and not very glorious war. Black Hawk suffered inevitable defeat, was captured and given a free trip to Washington in order that he might see how many white people there were and how hopeless it would be for the Indians to attempt to kill them all. He moved beyond the Mississippi and after a time there died. His death was soon followed by that of his wife, Singing Bird. Lincoln finished his brief military experience and went back to New Salem.

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Lincoln had no great pride in his military record. For a little time people addressed him as "Captain Lincoln," but he did not encourage it. In 1848, speaking in Congress in opposition to General Cass, he good-humoredly recounted his own adventures as a soldier in this fashion:

"By the way, Mr. Speaker, did you know I am a military hero? Yes, sir, in the days of the Black Hawk War, I fought, bled and came away! Speaking of General Cass's career reminds me of my own. I was not at Stillman's defeat, but I was about as near it as Cass to Hull's surrender: and, like him, I saw the place very soon afterward. It is quite certain I did not break my sword, for I had none to break; but I bent a musket pretty badly on one occasion. If Cass broke his sword, the idea is, he broke it in desperation. I bent the musket by accident. If General Cass went in advance of me in picking whortleberries, I guess I surpassed him in charges upon the wild onions. If he saw any live, fighting Indians, it was more than I did—but I had a good many bloody struggles with the mosquitoes; and although I never fainted from loss of blood, I can truly say I was often very hungry."

CHAPTER X

LINCOLN'S ALMA MATER

ABRAHAM LINCOLN often spoke sorrowfully of his lack of early educational advantages, but those who knew him best were surprised that a man who had had such limited opportunities should have learned so much and been able to use his knowledge so well. His schooling had occupied only a few months, but he could read well, write a good clear hand, express his thoughts in strong clear language, and do problems in arithmetic as far as the Rule of Three. A pupil who got beyond the Single Rule of Three to the Double Rule of Three was thought to have a rather remarkable education. Lincoln had it when he reached Illinois. But he did not stop with what he then had. While he did not go to college, he continued to learn.

He made his home for six years in a little town that no longer exists, except as it has been in part restored as a memorial to him, and his studies there were so important that New Salem

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has been called "Abraham Lincoln's Alma Mater." The words "alma mater" mean "kind mother," and it is a term which graduates are accustomed to apply to the colleges where they have received their instruction.

Soon after his return to New Salem, from the Black Hawk War, Lincoln found himself out of employment. Denton Offutt's vast financial scheme had fallen to pieces. Bills were presented and he could not pay them. He failed and left New Salem, and Lincoln had to look for other work.

One of the first things he tried to do was to secure an election as a member of the Illinois Legislature. He announced himself as a candidate for this office on March 9, 1832, before he left to fight the Indians. He came back in time to make a few campaign speeches not very far from home. He was not elected, though he polled a surprisingly large vote. Nearly every one in New Salem and Clary's Grove voted for him.

He worked on farms occasionally by the day, but did not greatly enjoy this kind of labor. He liked to be with people. The isolation of farm work did not appeal to him.

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It was fortunate for Lincoln that Mentor Graham, the school-teacher, lived in New Salem. He told Lincoln that he ought to learn grammar. The text-book which he recommended and Lincoln procured was *Kirkham's Grammar*. It was far from being an easy book to learn, but Lincoln studied and mastered it.

The Grammar of Samuel Kirkham was designed to simplify the study of the English language. It began by declaring that previous grammarians had written books too difficult for young people:

“When we bring into consideration the numerous productions of these learned philologists who have labored so long, and as many suppose, so successfully, in establishing the principles of our language: and more especially when we view the labors of some of our modern compilers, who have displayed so much ingenuity and acuteness in attempting to arrange those principles in such a manner as to form a correct and an easy medium of mental conference; it does, indeed, appear a little presumptuous for a young man to enter upon a subject which has so frequently engaged the attention and talents of men distinguished for their erudition.”

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So said the author in justification of the making of his book. He made it in order to make grammar easy for young people. He told those young people, concerning Etymology, that—

“Conducted on scientific principles, Etymology would comprehend the exposition of the origin and meaning of words, and in short, their whole history, including their application to things in accordance with the laws of nature and of thought, and the caprice of those who apply them: but to follow up the current of language to its various sources, and analyze the springs from which it flows, would evolve a process altogether too arduous and extensive for an elementary work.”

So he resolved to make and keep his book simple. But it makes the ordinary text-book on grammar at the present time look as if the modern book had been prepared for the feeble-minded. Abraham Lincoln undertook no small task when he set out to master *Kirkham's Grammar*.

Even with the assistance of Mentor Graham the learning of English grammar from such a

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book was a formidable undertaking. But it was a good book. And it contained encouragement and wholesome advice on False Syntax, it laid down the rules and gave examples, and showed how to detect False Syntax when it appeared, and then said:

“Thus you see, it is impossible for you to become a grammarian without exercising your judgment. If you have sufficient resolution to do this, you will, in a short time perfectly understand the nature and office of the different parts of speech, their various properties and relations, and the rules of syntax which apply to them: and, in a few weeks, be able to speak and write accurately. But you must not take things for granted, without examining their propriety and correctness. No. You are not a mere *automaton*, a *body-machine*: but a rational being. You ought therefore to *think* methodically, to *reason* soundly and to *investigate* every principle critically. Don't be afraid to *think* for *yourself*. You know not the high destiny that awaits you. You know not the height to which you may soar in the scale of intellectual existence. Go on, then, boldly, and with unyielding perseverance; and if you do not gain admittance into the tem-

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ple of fame, strive, at all hazards, to drink of the fountain that gurgles from its base.”

Who can doubt that these words sank deeply into the soul of Abraham Lincoln, struggling with sentences a hundred and fifty words long, and finding many of the words hard and unfamiliar ones? He procured a dictionary, a small one but reliable, and sought to know the meanings of words, and to use them correctly. He learned, as he was taught, to think methodically, to reason soundly, and to investigate every principle critically.

Abraham also studied surveying. Mr. Graham helped him to start, and the county surveyor, whose name was John Calhoun, gave him further help. Abraham became a very good surveyor, and when he had work this brought him three dollars a day, which was very good wages.

Another office came to him. There was some dissatisfaction with the postmaster, and some of the people thought Abraham Lincoln would do better. The idea pleased him. It would give him a chance to read all the newspapers that came to the office which were not immediately taken out. These were not many

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but they were more than he ever had had access to before. He was appointed postmaster, and he kept that position until New Salem disappeared from the map and the post-office was discontinued.

At this time he formed a disastrous partnership with a man named Berry, and they owned a store together. Berry, unfortunately, was a drinking man, and Lincoln was not very successful as a merchant. The store failed, and it left Lincoln heavily in debt.

In New Salem, Lincoln began to learn more about literature than he ever had known before. One of his companions was Jack Kelso, a man who was thought to possess a very liberal education. He knew poetry such as Lincoln had never read. Lincoln had a good memory for poetry, and could recite it. Jack Kelso knew many selections from famous poets, and was fond of declaiming them. He and Lincoln went fishing together, and sometimes Lincoln spent an evening with Kelso and would read poetical selections. Lincoln liked music, but could not sing well. He had an excellent ear for rhythm, however, and was very fond of rhyme and meter. Perhaps he might not have been so eager to learn good poetry if he had been shut up to the

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printed page, but he liked to hear Jack Kelso recite or read aloud.

Lincoln when he read, read aloud. He liked to hear himself read poetry. Having learned the sound of it as he heard another read it, he found it pleasant to commit it to memory and repeat it himself. In this way he became acquainted with the poetry of Byron, Shakespeare and Burns. Some long poems he learned and was accustomed to recite them. One he liked so well he recited it often. It was by a Scotch poet, a friend of Sir Walter Scott. His name was William Knox, and his poem began, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

Lincoln did not injure his memory by reading to kill time, or by reading worthless books that he did not care to remember. The books he read, he thought about, and strengthened his memory by learning things to be remembered. It is a mistake to suppose that reading of any and all kinds improves the mind. Some books do not improve the mind, while reading books with the expectation of forgetting them as fast as they are read is a sure way to ruin the memory.

Shortly before Mr. Lincoln was nominated for the presidency he was interviewed by Reverend J. P. Gulliver at Norwich, Connecticut,

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and was asked how he acquired his direct and forceful way of putting things, and what his education had been. Lincoln's answer as Gulliver remembered it, was:

"Well, as to education, the newspapers are correct—I never went to school more than twelve months in my life. But, as you say, this must be a product of culture in some form. I have been putting the question you ask me, to myself, while you have been talking. I can say this, that among my earliest recollections, I remember how, when a mere child, I used to get irritated when anybody talked to me in a way I could not understand. I don't think I ever got angry at anything else in my life. But that always disturbed my temper, and has ever since. I can remember going to my little bedroom, after hearing the neighbors talk, of an evening, with my father, and spending no small part of the night walking up and down, and trying to make out what was the exact meaning of some of their, to me, dark sayings. I could not sleep, though I often tried to, when I got on such a hunt after an idea, until I had caught it: and when I thought I had got it, I was not satisfied until I had repeated it over and over, until I had put it

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in language plain enough, as I thought, for any boy I knew to comprehend. This was a kind of passion with me, and it has since stuck by me, for I am never easy now, when I am handling a thought, till I have bounded it north and bounded it south, and bounded it east and bounded it west. Perhaps that accounts for the characteristic you observe in my speeches, though I never put the things together before."

Mr. Gulliver asked how Lincoln prepared himself for the practise of law, and Mr. Lincoln replied that he read law as he had opportunity, but he added:

"Your question reminds me of a bit of education I had, which I am bound to mention in honesty. In the course of my law-reading, I constantly came upon the word *demonstrate*. I thought, at first, that I understood its meaning, but soon became satisfied that I did not. I said to myself, 'What do I do when I *demonstrate*, more than when I *reason* or *prove*? How does *demonstration* differ from any other proof?' I consulted *Webster's Dictionary*. That told of 'certain proof, proof beyond the possibility of doubt,' but I could form no idea what sort of proof that was. I thought a great many things

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were proved beyond a possibility of doubt, without recourse to any such extraordinary process of reasoning as I understood 'demonstration' to be. I consulted all the dictionaries and books of reference I could find, but with no better results. You might as well have defined blue to a blind man. At last I said, 'Lincoln, you can never make a lawyer if you do not understand what *demonstrate* means.' "

That was when he bought his copy of *Euclid*, and his book of *Logic*, and learned to prove with precision. It was an important step forward in his educational life.

Noah Brooks, who knew Lincoln in Illinois, and who almost became Lincoln's private secretary, told this story of Lincoln's settlement of his account as postmaster of New Salem:

" 'Honest Old Abe' has passed into the language of our time and country as a synonym for all that is just and honest in man. Yet thousands of instances, unknown to the world, might be added to those already told of Mr. Lincoln's great and crowning virtue. He disliked innuendoes, concealments and subterfuges: and no sort of approach at official 'jobbing' ever had any encouragement from him. With him the question

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was not, 'Is it convenient? Is it expedient?' but, 'Is it right?' He steadily discountenanced all practises of government officers using any part of the public funds for temporary purposes: and he loved to tell of his own experience when he was saved from embarrassment by his rigid adherence to a good rule. He had been postmaster at Salem, Illinois, during Jackson's administration, William T. Barry being then Postmaster-General, and resigning his office, removing to Springfield, having sent a statement of account to the Department at Washington. No notice was taken of his account, which showed a balance due the government of over one hundred and fifty dollars, until three or four years after, when, Amos Kendall being Postmaster-General, he was presented with a draft for the amount due. Some of Mr. Lincoln's friends, who knew that he was in straitened circumstances then, as he had always been, heard of the draft, and offered to help him out with a loan; but he told them not to worry, and producing from his trunk an old pocket, tied up and marked, counted out in sixpences, shillings and quarters, the exact sum required of him, in the identical coin received by him while in office years before."

CHAPTER XI

THE LONG NINE

BRIEF mention was made in a previous chapter of the fact that Abraham Lincoln, soon after reaching New Salem, in 1832, announced himself as a candidate for the Illinois Legislature, and that, although he was young and almost a stranger, he polled a surprisingly large vote, carrying his own part of the district almost unanimously.

In that campaign he distributed a hand-bill, in which he discussed the more important issues of the campaign, including the navigation of the Sangamon. His views on this subject were in full accord with those of his constituents.

He had a word to say about education:

“Upon the subject of education, not presuming to dictate any plan or system respecting it, I can only say that I view it as the most important subject which we as a people can be

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engaged in. That every man may receive at least a moderate education, and thereby be enabled to read the histories of his own and other countries, by which he may duly appreciate the value of our free institutions, appears to be an object of vital importance, even on this account alone, to say nothing of the advantages and satisfaction to be derived from all being able to read the Scriptures, and other works both of a religious and moral nature, for themselves.

“For my part, I desire to see the time when education—and by its means, morality, sobriety, enterprise and industry—shall become much more general than at present, and should be gratified to have it in my power to contribute something to the advancement of any measure which might have a tendency to accelerate that happy period.”

The circular closed with these rather admirable paragraphs:

“But, fellow-citizens, I shall conclude. Considering the great degree of modesty which should always attend youth, it is probable I have already been more presuming than becomes me. However, upon the subjects of which I have

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treated, I have spoken as I have thought. I may be wrong in regard to any or all of them: but, holding it a sound maxim that it is better only sometimes to be right than at all times to be wrong, so soon as I discover my opinions to be erroneous, I shall be ready to renounce them.

“Every man is said to have his peculiar ambition. Whether it be true or not, I can say, for one, that I have no other so great as that of being truly esteemed of my fellow-men, by rendering myself worthy of their esteem. How far I shall succeed in gratifying this ambition is yet to be developed. I am young, and unknown to many of you. I was born, and have ever remained, in the most humble walks of life. I have no wealthy or popular relations or friends to recommend me. My case is thrown exclusively upon the independent voters of the county: and, if elected, they will have conferred a favor upon me for which I shall be unremitting in my labors to compensate. But, if the good people in their wisdom shall see fit to keep me in the background, I have been too familiar with disappointments to be very much chagrined.”

Another election occurred in 1834, and again Lincoln was a candidate for the Législature. His

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opponent was George Forquer, who had been a Whig, as Lincoln was, but had changed his politics and had been appointed Register of the Land Office. He built a rather large house, and upon it erected a lightning-rod, the first one Lincoln had ever seen. At a mass-meeting in Springfield, Lincoln met Forquer on the platform, and Forquer attempted to make mirth at Lincoln's expense. Lincoln's friend, Joshua Speed, was present and this is his account of the incident:

"I was then fresh from Kentucky," says Mr. Speed, "and had heard many of her great orators. It seemed to me then, as it seems to me now, that I never heard a more effective speaker. He carried the crowd with him, and swayed them as he pleased. So deep an impression did he make that George Forquer, a man of much celebrity as a sarcastic speaker and with a great reputation throughout the state as an orator, rose and asked the people to hear *him*. He began his speech by saying that this young man would have to be taken down, and he was sorry that the task devolved upon him. He made what was called one of his 'slasher-gaff' speeches, dealing much in ridicule and sarcasm. Lincoln stood

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near him, with his arms folded, never interrupting him. When Forquer was done, Lincoln walked to the stand, and replied so fully and completely that his friends bore him from the court-house on their shoulders.

“So deep an impression did this first speech make upon me that I remember its conclusion now, after a lapse of thirty-eight years.

“‘The gentleman commenced his speech,’ he said, ‘by saying that this young man would have to be taken down, and he was sorry the task devolved upon him. I am not so young in years as I am in the tricks and trades of a politician: but live long or die young, I would rather die now, than, like the gentleman, change my politics and simultaneously with the change receive an office worth three thousand dollars a year, and then have to erect a lightning-rod over my house to protect a guilty conscience from an offended God.’

“To understand the point of this it must be explained that Forquer had been a Whig, but had changed his politics, and had been appointed Register of the Land Office: and over his house was the only lightning-rod in the town or county. Lincoln had seen the lightning-rod for the first time on the day before.”

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This apt repartee was received with great enthusiasm. Lincoln's ready wit was a large element in his success.

This time he was elected. The Legislature then met at Vandalia, and Lincoln there met a number of men whom he was to know well later, including Stephen A. Douglas.

Lincoln was reelected three times, and served four successive terms of two years each as representative in the Legislature. Much that was done by the Assembly in those days does not seem very important, but there are a few things which are of interest even now. Among them one is notable. In 1827 Elijah P. Lovejoy, who was editing an anti-slavery paper, was killed at Alton, Illinois. This murder did not excite very much official protest at the time. On the contrary, the sentiment in favor of slavery was so strong that most members of the Legislature were more ready to condemn Lovejoy for having excited the mob to violence than they were to censure the men who murdered him. Following his death the Illinois Legislature passed a vote condemning abolition societies. Abraham Lincoln was one of the few members who did not vote for this resolution. He and Dan Stone, another representative from Sangamon County,

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drew up a signed protest against the passage of the resolution which had just gone on record, saying they believed, "that the institution of slavery is founded on injustice and bad policy, but that the promulgation of abolition doctrines tends rather to increase than to abate its evils." These two men were not willing to go with the multitude to do evil or to permit the murder of Lovejoy to pass with no condemnation.

The record of this protest is as follows:

"March 3d, 1837.—The following protest was presented to the House, which was read and ordered to be spread on the journals, to wit:

" 'Resolutions upon the subject of domestic slavery having passed both branches of the General Assembly, at its present session, the undersigned hereby protest against the passage of the same.

" "They believe that the institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy: but that the promulgation of abolition doctrines tends rather to increase than abate its evils.

" "They believe that the Congress of the United States has no power, under the Constitution, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the different States.

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“ ‘They believe that the Congress of the United States has the power, under the Constitution, to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia: but that the power ought not to be exercised, unless at the request of the people of said District.

“ ‘The difference between these opinions and those contained in the said resolutions, is their reason for entering this protest.

“ ‘(Signed)

“ ‘Dan Stone,

“ ‘A. Lincoln,

“ ‘Representatives from the County of Sangamon.’ ”

Sangamon County was then the largest county in the state in the number of its inhabitants. It had nine representatives in the Legislature. They were all tall men, Lincoln the tallest of all, and they were called “the Long Nine.” They were determined to remove the state capital from Vandalia, which was near the center of population when it was chosen as the capital city, to Springfield, which was nearer the center of the state. With much difficulty this measure was got through the Legislature. Lincoln was highly praised in Springfield, and blamed in portions of the state farther south, for his important share in this matter.

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Those who opposed the removal of the capital from Vandalia charged the "Long Nine" with much "log-rolling" or legislative bargaining in the accomplishment of their purpose. They declared that these nine men stood ready to vote for any measure, good or bad, proposed by any member who in turn would vote for this, their pet bill. Probably there was some truth in this charge, for much legislation is accomplished in that fashion, but some of the men who knew Lincoln best declared that he, at least, refused to vote for any bill that he believed a bad one.

In my boyhood I used to hear political addresses by General Thomas J. Henderson, a veteran of the Civil War, and friend of my own father as he was also a friend of Lincoln. He used to tell this story about the removal of the capital, as he had heard it from his own father:

"Before I had ever seen Abraham Lincoln I heard my father, who served with him in the Legislature of 1838-39 and of 1840-41, relate an incident in Mr. Lincoln's life which illustrates his character for integrity and his firmness in maintaining what he regarded as right in his public acts, in a marked manner.

"I do not remember whether this incident oc-

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curred during the session of the Legislature in 1836-37 or 1838-39. But I think it was in that of 1836-37, when it was said that there was a great deal of log-rolling going on among the members. But, however that may be, according to the story related by my father, an effort was made to unite the friends of capital removal with the friends of some measure which Mr. Lincoln, for some reason, did not approve. What that measure was to which he objected, I am not now able to recall. But those who desired the removal of the capital to Springfield were very anxious to effect the proposed combination, and a meeting was held to see if it could be accomplished. The meeting continued in session nearly all night, when it adjourned without accomplishing anything, Mr. Lincoln refusing to yield his objections and to support the obnoxious measure.

“Another meeting was called, and at this second meeting a number of citizens, not members of the Legislature, from the central and northern parts of the state, among them my father, were present by invitation. The meeting was long protracted, and earnest in its deliberations. Every argument that could be thought of was used to induce Mr. Lincoln to yield his objections and unite with his friends, and thus secure

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the removal of the capital to his own city: but without effect. Finally, after midnight, when everybody seemed exhausted with the discussion, and when the candles were burning low in the room, Mr. Lincoln rose amid the silence and solemnity which prevailed, and, my father said, made one of the most eloquent and powerful speeches to which he had ever listened. He concluded his remarks by saying:

“ ‘You may burn my body to ashes, and scatter them to the winds of heaven: you may drag my soul down to the regions of darkness and despair to be tormented forever: but you will never get me to support a measure which I believe to be wrong, although by doing so I may accomplish that which I believe to be right.’

“And the meeting adjourned.”

CHAPTER XII

LAWYER AND LOVER

LIFE in New Salem was not very strenuous. With all Lincoln's responsibilities as postmaster, grocery clerk, surveyor and clerk of elections, he had much time on his hands. How he improved some of this spare time he told in 1860 to Andrew J. Conant, an artist who went to Springfield to paint his portrait. While Lincoln was sitting to this artist, he talked about his early life, and related this story, as Mr. Conant remembered it:

"A man who was migrating to the West drove up in front of my store with a wagon which contained his family and household plunder. He asked me if I would buy an old barrel for which he had no room in his wagon, and which he said contained nothing of special value. I did not want it, but to oblige him I bought it. Some time after, in overhauling things, I came upon the barrel, and, emptying it upon the floor to

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see what it contained, I found at the bottom of the rubbish a complete edition of *Blackstone's Commentaries*. I began to read those famous books, and I had plenty of time, for during the long summer days, when the farmers were busy with their crops, my customers were few and far between. The more I read, the more intensely interested I became. Never in my whole life was my mind so thoroughly absorbed. I read until I mastered them."

In Indiana he had dipped into the *Kentucky Statutes* in possession of Squire Pate, and had borrowed the *Statutes of Indiana* from David Turnham, and read in that useful book; and during the "winter of the deep snow" at Major Warnick's, he had looked into the *Statutes of Illinois*. But these were books of laws, and Blackstone's great work dealt with the underlying principles of law itself. For law is more than the sum of all particular laws. A good lawyer needs to know not only laws but law. Lincoln lay under the shade of a tree in New Salem, or stretched his long frame out on the counter of the store or on the slope of a cellar door, and read law as he found it in Blackstone. It was an important day in his career when he,

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who had had several years' experience in the making of laws, began seriously to read the principles underlying all law. He had thought of becoming a blacksmith; now he began to think seriously of becoming a lawyer.

There was much to discourage him in the study of law; still, he could but know that other men with less education than he were making a success in that profession, and he devoted himself to study with increased ardor. He was not by nature industrious. He was not brilliant. He had to work hard for what he learned, but he learned well and remembered. He borrowed other law books from Springfield, and in the spring of 1837 he was admitted to the bar.

Meantime New Salem was disintegrating. Its location on a peninsula made it difficult of approach by land, and the disappearance of the hope that the Sangamon would prove a navigable stream affected it disastrously. A new town three miles away came into being, and most of the inhabitants of New Salem moved over and became residents of Petersburg. Lincoln did not move in that direction. The time had come for him to leave New Salem, but he went, in March, 1837, to the new capital of the state, the promising young city of Springfield.

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Lincoln became a resident of New Salem in the spring of 1831 and lived there six years. It was nearly the whole life of the town. Those years did much for him. They established his leadership in feats of strength, in military life, in political life and in such tests as he had opportunity to make of his intellect. He had been tried in many ways and had proved strong, worthy and capable. His dealings had won him the popular name of "Honest Abe." He had made warm friendships and many of them. He had not accumulated money, but he had earned rich and permanent friendships. He had increased in knowledge and in his power of leadership.

He left New Salem riding on a borrowed horse and with all his worldly goods in a pair of saddle-bags, but he carried with him a great hope of what he was to become and to contribute to the life of the nation.

His decision to remove to Springfield was brought about partly because of the decline of New Salem, which, as Lincoln said, "winked out," and also because friends of his in Springfield, men he had met in his political campaigning or in the Black Hawk War or in the Legislature, advised him to make this move, and the

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leading men of the little city which was now to be the capital encouraged him. His first partner in the law business was Major John T. Stuart, whom he had met in the Black Hawk War, and who returned with him from Wisconsin at the war's close.

Lincoln was offered board on generous terms by William Butler, a political friend, but he had to secure and furnish a room for himself. Joshua Speed, who was to become one of his closest friends, told afterward of Lincoln's coming into his store in Springfield to inquire the price of the needed furnishings for his room. Said he:

"I was a merchant at Springfield, and kept a large country store, embracing dry-goods, groceries, hardware, books, medicines, bed-clothes, mattresses—in fact, everything that the country needed. Lincoln came into the store with his saddle-bags on his arm. He said he wanted to buy the furniture for a single bed. The mattress, blankets, sheets, coverlid, and pillow, according to the figures made by me, would cost seventeen dollars. He said that perhaps was cheap enough: but small as the price was, he was unable to pay it. But if I would credit him till Christmas, and his experiment as a lawyer was a success, he

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would pay then: saying in the saddest tone, 'If I fail in this I do not know that I can ever pay you.' As I looked up at him I thought then, and I think now, that I never saw a sadder face.

"I said to him: 'You seem to be so much pained at contracting so small a debt, I think I can suggest a plan by which you can avoid the debt, and at the same time attain your end. I have a large room with a double bed up-stairs, which you are very welcome to share with me.'

" 'Where is your room?' said he.

" 'Up-stairs,' said I, pointing to a pair of winding stairs which led from the store to my room.

"He took his saddle-bags on his arm, went up-stairs, set them on the floor, and came down with the most changed expression of countenance. Beaming with pleasure, he exclaimed:

" 'Well, Speed, I'm moved.' "

In the course of his nearly twenty-five years as a member of the Springfield bar, Mr. Lincoln had three partners. The first was Major John T. Stuart, and the next with Judge Stephen A. Logan. Both these men were older than Lincoln, and their names preceded his in the firm names. The third partnership was with Will-

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iam H. Herndon, and for twenty years the firm name was "Lincoln and Herndon." Herndon was a man of irregular habits, but of great loyalty to the principles in which Lincoln believed, and a sincere admirer of his senior partner. It is to his fidelity we owe much of our best material for a correct biography of Lincoln.

Lincoln began to be recognized as an influential citizen of Springfield. He delivered an address before the Lyceum of that town on *The Perpetuation of Our Political Institutions*. It was well thought of, and was printed in the *Sangamon Journal* of February 3, 1838.

Another address of his which was considered important at the time, and which still appears significant, was his address on Washington's birthday in 1842. It was delivered before the Washingtonian Society, a temperance organization. Speaking of the twin evils of drunkenness and slavery, he said:

"And when the victory shall be complete—when there shall be neither a slave nor a drunkard on the earth—how proud the title to that land which may truly claim to be the birthplace and the cradle of both those revolutions that shall have ended in that victory. How nobly dis-

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tinguished that people who shall have planted and nurtured to maturity both the political and moral freedom of their species.”

While Abraham Lincoln was living in New Salem he came to know more young women than he had ever known before. For a time he boarded in the family of Reverend John Cameron, who had eleven daughters, but he escaped heart-whole. He learned to love a beautiful girl whose name was Ann Rutledge, but she died of malarial fever, August 25, 1836, after a sickness of about six weeks. Her death was a profound sorrow to Abraham Lincoln.

Before he left New Salem he became much interested in a young woman, Miss Mary Owens. She was a lady of good education and fine personality, but she and Lincoln at length parted by mutual consent, though for some time afterward he wished at times that he had married her.

While he was at New Salem he sometimes thought of entering college. Illinois College was at Jacksonville, not very far away and he, as a member of the Legislature, had voted for its charter. At one time he owned a book of Greek exercises which he seems to have used with some thought of going to college. There is reason to

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believe that if Ann Rutledge had lived she would have gone to school at the seminary in Jacksonville and Lincoln to the college at the same place. A letter to her brother David Rutledge, who was a student at Illinois College, indicates this intention, but her death prevented her going and may have had its influence in changing Lincoln's plans. He did not, however, cease to study.

At first Lincoln felt very lonely in Springfield, and was painfully conscious of his poverty, his want of learning and his lack of social experience. But gradually he came to know something of Springfield society and to meet other young men, and young women as well. He was still uncertain whether he loved Mary Owens, and he wrote her, offering to marry her, but advising her not to accept his proposal. She refused him, and he was not quite sure whether to be glad or sorry. He was relieved that he was freed by her act from an obligation which he felt unable to assume, but he found himself caring more for her when she had rejected him. He wrote her:

“Whatever woman may cast her lot with mine, should any ever do so, it is my intention to do all in my power to make her happy and contented: and there is nothing I can imagine that



He learned to love a beautiful girl whose name was Ann Rutledge.

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would make me more unhappy than to fail in the effort. I know I should be much happier with you than the way I am, provided I saw no sign of discontent in you. What you have said to me may have been in the way of jest, or I may have misunderstood it. If so, then let it be forgotten: if otherwise, I much wish you would think seriously before you decide. What I have said I will most positively abide by, provided you wish it. My opinion is that you had better not do it. You have not been accustomed to hardships, and it may be more serious than you now imagine. I know you are capable of thinking correctly on any subject, and if you deliberate maturely upon this before you decide, then I am willing to abide your decision."

She said afterward that she admired and respected Mr. Lincoln and thought him one of the best of men, but "He was deficient in the little links that make up the chain of a woman's happiness." So she refused him a second and a third time, and went back to Kentucky. Lincoln still was more than half sorry. To her sister, Mrs. Bennett Able, of New Salem, he said, "Tell your sister she was a great fool not to have stayed and married me."

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But he did not go himself to tell her so; and she married another man, Jesse Vineyard, moved to Missouri, and her sons fought in the Confederate Army. But she always respected her awkward lover.

Abraham Lincoln's matrimonial future was determined by the arrival in Springfield of Mary Todd, a brilliant young woman from Lexington, Kentucky. She belonged to a proud family, and her older sister, Elizabeth, with whom she made her home in Springfield, had married Ninian W. Edwards, son of a former governor of Illinois. She was well educated, handsome, and had a lively wit. After a stormy courtship, she and Abraham Lincoln were married, in the old Edwards home in Springfield, November 4, 1842.

While they were not always happy together, and their dispositions and tastes were in many respects unlike, they held each other in high regard, and Mrs. Lincoln was loyal to her husband, and when the strain came, to her country.

CHAPTER XIII

ABRAHAM LINCOLN M. C.

FOR a year Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln lived in Globe Tavern, but after baby Robert was born they were not considered as desirable guests as formerly. The rooms were small, the walls were thin, and other guests were troubled by the crying of the baby. Moreover, tavern life was not best for a family such as theirs now was. For a little time they rented a house, then Lincoln purchased from the minister who had married him the house in which he lived until he went away to Washington.

At first it was a story and a half high, but one time when Mr. Lincoln was away on circuit, Mrs. Lincoln took matters in hand and had the roof raised, and the house became one of two stories. Lincoln came back from his absence, and looking across the street at the new and glorified mansion inquired of a neighbor, "Can you tell me where Lincoln lives?"

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Other children came to them until four had been born. Their names were Robert, Edward, William and Thomas. Little Edward died in Springfield, and his loss saddened Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln greatly. No little girls were born to them. While Lincoln was very fond of his boys, being a devoted and loving father, he would have been extremely happy if he had had also a little daughter.

Lincoln was fond of children, and noticed them. All the boys and girls knew him. They liked him. He had noticed boys at their games, and now and then stopped to commend them when they were fair and generous and successful. He helped little girls across the street, or walked with them past the gates of houses where there were dogs. He did all the kind things that make boys and girls remember a man with appreciation and gratitude.

In Springfield he usually wore a tall hat, and as he was a very tall man, the hat made him seem still taller. Generally he wore a long, black coat, for this was the usual garb of judges, senators and men in official life. In winter he did not often use an overcoat, but wore a shawl such as gentlemen then were accustomed to wear. It was gray, of fine weave, three and one-half yards

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long. He was a man people could not fail to see and notice.

While he was very free and informal in his manner, there was about him a certain dignity that compelled respect. In political life it was common then, as it is common now, to use nicknames or abbreviations in speaking of candidates and holders. But while men spoke of him as "Honest Abe" not even his own partner called him by his first name. Lincoln called Mr. Herndon "Billy," but Herndon called him "Mr. Lincoln." So did other people in Springfield, old and young.

He milked his own cow, curried his own horse, did his own chores, and was a man whom everybody knew and to whom any one, old or young, might speak and receive a pleasant answer, but they called him "Mr. Lincoln." On cold mornings he put on his tall hat, wrapped his shawl around him, took a basket on his arm, bought the family groceries, took them home and then went to his office.

Every man or woman who was born no later than 1851, and who lived in Springfield during the latter part of his or her first ten years, knew Mr. Lincoln. For Springfield was then a town of only ten thousand people, and most people

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knew one another. All the boys and girls held Lincoln in reverent and affectionate regard. Those who are now living who knew him when they were little all remember him for little deeds of kindness to them. Did a little girl on her way home from school encounter rude boys who pelted her and go toward home crying, the big tall man who leaned over and comforted her was Mr. Lincoln.

Did a boy "play keeps" and lose his marbles and lament it, Mr. Lincoln bought him a new outfit, with a suggestion that playing for keeps was hazardous and not the best way either to gain or lose marbles. But Mr. Lincoln did not preach to the boys.

One icy day the Springfield Volunteer Fire Department, responding to an alarm, turned a corner too rapidly, and the engine skidded. Johnny Newman was sent sliding diagonally across the corner. It was Mr. Lincoln who picked him up, found that he was not hurt, and went on with him to the fire.

One day Josephine Reman was going away on the train, all the way to Jacksonville, and the dray was to have called for her little hair-covered trunk. But the drayman forgot, and Josie stood at the gate, expecting to hear the whistle of the

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train. Mr. Lincoln came along, and finding her in trouble, shouldered the trunk and carried it to the train.

An interesting letter has recently been discovered at Lexington, Kentucky, written by Mrs. Lincoln to her husband while he was in Washington, and since preserved in the family of Mrs. Lincoln's sister. In that letter she relates to him a great deal of wifely gossip, and among the rest tells that little Tad has rescued a forlorn little kitten, which his grandmother has no desire to add to the already sufficient number of cats about the place. But Mrs. Lincoln expresses interest in Tad's liking for little kittens, because, she says, she recognizes it as a trait which Tad had inherited from his father.

These are trivial incidents, but they show us the heart of a man who loved his children, and the children of his home town, and was respected and honored by them. It is pleasant to know that as in his boyhood he carried the little dog across the icy stream, so even in his manhood his wife recognized as one of his traits his liking for little kittens.

Lincoln now was practising law in several counties and until 1842 he continued to be a member of the Legislature. From that time on

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he began to think of higher offices. In politics he was a Whig, and he desired to become a member of Congress. In 1847 this hope of his came true. He was elected to Congress, defeating his old competitor, Reverend Peter Cartwright.

In July, 1847, occurred the River and Harbor Convention, which took place in the city of Chicago. Steamboats chartered in Buffalo, Detroit and other lake ports steamed around the lakes with full passage lists and Chicago became known in the East as it never had before. Horace Greeley, editor of the New York *Tribune*, came to Chicago for that meeting. So also did Thurlow Weed, editor of the Albany *Journal*. These two famous editors wrote enthusiastically about the glories of Chicago and the commerce of the Great Lakes.

This convention brought Abraham Lincoln to Chicago. If he had ever been there before we do not know it. Chicago papers of that day said that it was his first journey. He made one short and tactful speech in that large convention. It was this which introduced him to men whom he was later to know in wide relationships.

On a very happy day in the late autumn of 1847, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln set out for Wash-

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ington together. They went by way of Lexington, Kentucky, and visited her family. It was a long way from Springfield to Washington, and as stage routes then ran this did not take them very far out of their way. The Thirtieth Congress convened on December 6, 1847. There Lincoln met Robert C. Winthrop, Speaker of the House, and he had as his associates from Illinois his neighbor, John A. McClernand, and "Long John" Wentworth of Chicago. There he met the venerable John Quincy Adams, who had been president of the United States and who served for many years afterward as representative of his district in Congress. Among his other acquaintances were John C. Palfrey, the historian, Andrew Johnson, who years afterward was to be his vice-president, and Alexander H. Stephens, later the vice-president of the Confederacy. In the Senate were Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun, Jefferson Davis, John A. Dix and other men scarcely less noted.

Lincoln had special admiration for Alexander H. Stephens, who was a Whig like himself and whose speeches he much admired. He spoke of Stephens as "a little, slim, pale-faced consumptive man with a voice like Judge Logan's."

Judge Logan shortly before this time had

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been Lincoln's partner. He was a very able lawyer but with a thin piping voice.

Mrs. Lincoln was disappointed in Washington so far as her social ambitions were concerned. In Springfield it seemed that the wife of a member of Congress would be a very important woman in Washington but in the capital itself that office did not give a woman a particularly high rank. Mrs. Lincoln did not go out very much nor enter society in any prominent way, but she must have wished very often that she had a position where she could be socially as prominent in Washington as she had been in Springfield, Illinois.

Mrs. Lincoln remained with her husband during the longer session of Congress, but the next year she did not return with him when he went back for the short session. The children needed her care and Washington life had not given her any very great satisfaction.

Lincoln's experience in Congress is that of what was called a "yearling." Men usually did not become prominent in their first term. Lincoln, however, made two or three speeches. One of them was in support of a series of resolutions which he himself introduced, which became famous as the "Spot Resolutions." It was the time

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of the Mexican War. Lincoln did not believe that the Mexican War was right. He voted for all the bills that provided supplies for American troops in the war, but he voted against all resolutions which seemed to justify the war itself. He thought the Mexican War was a wrong act whose purpose was to extend slavery in the new territories of the United States.

Lincoln was boarding at this time at Mrs. Spriggs' boarding-house in "Duff Green's Row" on Capitol Hill. A number of members of Congress ate there, and they had a pleasant little boarding club. Lincoln was popular among his friends, and known as a good story-teller.

During his one term in Congress he repeatedly voted for what is called the "Wilmot Proviso." This was attached to various bills relating to the territory which the United States gained from Mexico and provided "that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude should ever exist in any part thereof except for crime whereof the party should be duly convicted." This proviso was adopted in the House but failed in the Senate. Lincoln's vote failed, but he was always proud of having voted as he did.

Lincoln's most important act while in Congress was a bill, which, if it had become a law,

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would have compelled the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. This bill provided that while fugitive slaves escaping to the District against their masters' will might be claimed by their masters, no slave was to be imported there from any state, and all children born to slave parents were to be freed, and that the persons living there already who were slaves were gradually to be emancipated and their owners paid. This bill did not become a law, but Lincoln again went on record as opposed to slavery.

A presidential election was coming, and Lincoln was very much interested in the nominations. He was very happy when General Zachary Taylor was nominated on the Whig ticket. Taylor was very popular with the soldiers. They called him "Old Rough and Ready," while General Scott, who was much more pompous, was called "Old Fuss and Feathers." The convention occurred in Philadelphia in July, 1848. Lincoln attended as a delegate from Illinois. He came back very happy, for he believed, and truly, that Taylor would be elected.

Congress adjourned August 14, 1846. Abraham Lincoln went to New England early in September, where he made speeches on behalf of the Whig ticket. He spoke in Boston, Lowell,

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Worcester, and other New England cities, and the newspapers of the time show that he made a favorable impression.

On his way back to Illinois from New England, he stopped at Niagara Falls, and was much impressed by the sight of that mighty cataract. On the voyage by way of the lakes his vessel got stranded on a sand-bar. The captain ordered the deck hands to fasten empty barrels together and force them under the water beside the boat. This set Lincoln's mind to work on an invention for lifting vessels off shoals. It seemed to him that it would be a fine idea to have four large bellows attached to a boat and keep them ordinarily out of water but to push them under water when the vessel got stuck and then force air into them. He obtained some cigar boxes and whittled out a model of his invention. On this he obtained a patent. In those days every application for a patent had to be accompanied by a working model. Drawings are all that are now required. A few years ago the authorities in the Patent Office cleared out most of the old models, but they kept some of the most significant. Persons who visit the Patent Office now may see Abraham Lincoln's own model of a device for lifting vessels off shoals.

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When Lincoln became president this invention attracted, as it still attracts, marked attention. One of the first newspapers to call attention to it was the *Boston Advertiser*, which said:

“Occupying an ordinary and commonplace position in one of the show-cases in the large hall of the Patent Office, is one little model which, in ages to come, will be prized as at once one of the most curious and one of the most sacred relics in that vast museum of unique and priceless things. This is a plain and simple model of a steamboat, roughly fashioned in wood, by the hand of Abraham Lincoln. It bears date in 1849, when the inventor was known simply as a successful lawyer and rising politician of Central Illinois. Neither his practise nor his politics took up so much of his time as to prevent him from giving much attention to contrivances which he hoped might be of benefit to the world and of profit to himself.

“The design of this invention is suggestive of one phase of Abraham Lincoln’s early life, when he went up and down the Mississippi as a flat-boat-man, and became familiar with some of the dangers and inconveniences attending the navigation of the western rivers. It is an attempt

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to make it an easy matter to transport vessels over shoals and snags and sawyers. The main idea is that of an apparatus resembling a noiseless bellows, placed on each side of the hull of the craft, just below the waterline, and worked by an odd but not complicated system of ropes, valves and pulleys. When the keel of the vessel grates against the sand or obstruction, these bellows are to be filled with air: and, thus buoyed up, the ship is expected to float lightly and gaily over the shoal, which would otherwise have proved a serious interruption to her voyage.

“The model, which is about eighteen or twenty inches long, and has the air of having been whittled with a knife out of a shingle and a cigar-box, is built without any elaboration or ornament, or any extra apparatus beyond that necessary to show the operation of buoying the steamer over the obstructions. Herein it differs from very many of the models which share with it the shelter of the immense halls of the Patent Office, and which are fashioned with wonderful nicety and exquisite finish, as if much of the labor and thought and affection of a lifetime had been devoted to their construction.

“This is a model of a different kind: carved as one might imagine a retired railsplitter would

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whittle, strongly, but not smoothly, and evidently made with a view solely to convey, by the simplest possible means, to the minds of the patent authorities, an idea of the purpose and plan of the simple invention. The label on the steamer's deck informs us that the patent was obtained: but we do not learn that the navigation of the western rivers was revolutionized by this quaint conception. The modest little model has reposed here sixteen years: and since it found its resting-place here on the shelf, the shrewd inventor has found it his task to guide the ship of state over shoals more perilous, and obstructions more obstinate, than any prophet dreamed of when Abraham Lincoln wrote his bold autograph on the prow of this miniature steamer."

While Lincoln's invention was never adopted to the extent of attaching bellows permanently to the sides of vessels the principle is still employed, as it was employed before Lincoln's day. In the summer of 1926 a submarine of the United State Navy, having sunk, was lifted, after several months, by pontoons fastened under water to the sides of the boat, and then filled with air.

The first time the Lincoln boys, or any of

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them, began to share in their father's travels, was when he was returning from Washington in the fall of 1848. He had made his New England speaking tour, and coming back by the Great Lakes was in Chicago October eighth. Mrs. Lincoln went from Springfield to meet him there and took Robert and little Eddie with her to meet their father, who had been gone as it seemed to them a long time. Bobbie was five years old and Eddie was half past two. Mr. Lincoln saw them waiting as he stepped off the steamboat, and they all went to the Sherman House, which seemed to be and indeed was a very grand hotel. Eddie was too young to remember it, and even to Bobbie it was a very dim recollection. But it was a great event at the time.

They had scarcely got settled in the hotel when a committee called on Mr. Lincoln and asked him if he would not make a political speech that night. Mrs. Lincoln was greatly pleased, and Mr. Lincoln, too, was happy about it. He was not as yet very well known in Chicago, and Chicago was in the northern end of the state where the Whig party was strongest.

There was only half a day to spare, for the boat arrived about noon, but hand-bills were distributed announcing that Honorable A. Lincoln,

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returning from a triumphal political tour of New England, would speak that night in the court-house in Chicago, and he did. The little boys were tired and went to bed early. Mrs. Lincoln got a chambermaid in the hotel to look after them, though they needed very little attention, and she went to hear her husband. She was very proud of him that night. If he did not show all the culture that might have been expected from a member of Congress just returned from Massachusetts, he at least showed that he was not a country clown.

The court-house was filled as full as it could be crowded. Mr. Lincoln was enthusiastic. He spoke of his recent visit to New England, and of the people he had met who were supporting the Whig platform. And he waxed eloquent when he told how General Zachary Taylor, "Old Rough and Ready," would defeat the Democrats as he had beaten the Mexicans, and carry the Whig party to victory. The audience cheered. They said Old Zach Taylor was a great man, and so was Abe Lincoln.

That night Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln sat up late, and talked of what was before him. He told her not to be too much disappointed about his not being a candidate for Congress again. Taylor

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was certain to be elected, and he would certainly appoint to some good office the man who had done so much to help on his election. Lincoln thought Taylor would make him commissioner of the Land Office, and they would move to Washington, and live happily ever afterward. So they went back to Springfield next day, very tired but very happy, and waited for the November election.

General Taylor was indeed elected president of the United States, and Mr. Lincoln lost no time in having application made for him as land commissioner. But he did not find it as easy as he expected. The northern end of Illinois was the Whig end of the state, and Chicago was its most important city. The Chicago Whigs, though they were coming to think well of Lincoln, wanted a Chicago man in the Land Office. They proposed Mr. Justin Butterfield. Mr. Butterfield was a friend of Daniel Webster, the greatest Whig statesman alive. Webster had not been very well pleased with Taylor's nomination. Taylor was "an ignorant old frontier colonel," Webster said. However, Taylor had been elected, and Webster had no mind to displease him, and Taylor wanted to please Webster.

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When Mr. Lincoln heard that Justin Butterfield was after the Land Office, and the great Daniel Webster was backing him, he was disturbed. His friends said there was no time to lose. Mrs. Lincoln was almost hysterical about it. She had set her heart on living in Washington. Mr. Lincoln took a stage-coach to Indianapolis, and went from there by rail to Washington to secure the appointment. But it was too late. General Taylor could not afford to offend Daniel Webster at the very beginning of the new administration. Justin Butterfield got the Land Office. Mr. Lincoln returned to Springfield with a heavy heart. Mrs. Lincoln cried when he told her. It was a very solemn home-coming.

Mr. Lincoln went back to the office where the shingle hung with the "Lincoln and Herndon" sign, and said he was done with politics and now would practise law again.

President Taylor died very soon after he was inaugurated. He was succeeded by his Vice-President, Millard Fillmore. President Fillmore offered Lincoln the governorship of the territory of Oregon. On some accounts Lincoln was disposed to accept the position, for he thought Oregon would soon be a state and he would stand a

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good chance to be one of Oregon's first senators. But Mrs. Lincoln very wisely vetoed this proposal, and the family continued to live in Springfield. Mr. Lincoln now thought he was permanently out of politics.

CHAPTER XIV

THE CIRCUIT AND THE STUMP

WHEN we read how Abraham Lincoln began as a lad in the back-woods, and advanced, step by step until he became president of the United States, it might seem as though he never made any mistakes or had any disappointments. On the contrary, he had many disappointments. But he rose above them, and did not let them crush or discourage him.

When Mr. Lincoln walked up the stairs of his office after his return from Washington soon after March 4, 1859, it was with a heavy sense of failure. He contrasted his own slow progress in political life with the swift advance of men like Stephen A. Douglas. He considered how slowly he accumulated money as compared with such men as Judge David Davis, in whose court he was regularly to plead. He seemed to himself to have done nothing but fail. The debt that he carried with him from New Salem, so heavy he

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called it "the national debt," he had paid off during his term in Congress; it had taken him twelve years. He had a growing family, a proud wife and a very limited practise.

But he determined not only to go back to the practise of law, but to be a better lawyer than ever, and to go farther after business.

A part of the law business of the firm of Lincoln and Herndon came to them in their office, but a larger part of it they secured in other counties of the circuit. Lincoln had now become sufficiently well known as an able lawyer that younger or less experienced members of the bar sought his assistance as associate counsel. In almost every county-seat in the Eighth Judicial District he had a professional associate who ranked almost as a local partner. So about half the time during the years between 1848 to 1860, Lincoln rode the circuit. He drove his own horse, for the most part, and often had another lawyer with him in the buggy. As soon as court had adjourned in one county, the judge, Honorable David Davis, rode over to begin court in the next county, and a number of the lawyers rode with him. Lincoln rode the entire circuit, and came to be one of the best-known lawyers in Central Illinois.

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The lawyers ate and slept at small and uncomfortable taverns, but they were a merry crowd, and among them all no one told merrier stories or seemed at times gayer than Lincoln. But there were other times when he was very thoughtful and sad.

He carried a few books with him—a copy of the *Illinois Statutes*, a small dictionary, and usually a book of poetry. Often he rose early and sat by the fire in the gray dawn reading some of the poems he loved.

Saddened by his disappointments, and often in deep gloom over what seemed to him a long succession of failures, Abraham Lincoln determined not to let himself become embittered. He now tried to make up for some of the defects in his early education. It was at this time he studied geometry and logic. He was forty years old, and a leader at the bar, but he determined to improve his mind and make good as nearly as possible his educational defects. It was hard work, for he had no teacher, but he studied hard, and rode his circuit diligently, and laughed and joked, and then at times fell into sadness again. But merry or sad, he kept on.

Lincoln now had many cases in the Supreme Court of Illinois, and practised also in the

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United States District Court in Chicago. He had one important case in Cincinnati, but while this brought him a liberal fee, it did not afford him the opportunity he had hoped for to distinguish himself in a great trial.

One of his cases in the latter part of his career at the bar gave him great satisfaction, for it enabled him to pay a debt to an old friend. Jack Armstrong, of the Clary Grove boys, had been one of Lincoln's warmest friends, and his wife, Hannah, had been kind to Lincoln in the old New Salem days. Jack Armstrong was on his death-bed when he learned that his son was accused of murder, and he died before the trial.

There was a camp-meeting in Mason County in August, 1857. It was to close on Sunday, August twenty-ninth. It was illegal to sell or use liquor within a mile of a camp-meeting, but a place was provided just a mile away, and liquor was sold. Among those who drank heavily were William Armstrong, known among his friends as "Duff," James H. Norris and James Preston Metzker. Late at night a fight occurred, and "Pres" Metzker was so badly injured that he died a few days later. Norris and Armstrong were accused of the murder. Norris had already killed a man, but had escaped on the ground of

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self-defense. His record was bad, however, and he was tried and found guilty and sentenced to the penitentiary. Armstrong's case was postponed and he was tried in May of the following year at Beardstown.

Abraham Lincoln was very busy. He was getting ready to oppose Stephen A. Douglas in a contest for the senatorship of Illinois, but when he heard that a son of his old friend was in trouble he offered his services as attorney. He first obtained the evidence that had been used against Norris, so that he might know what the testimony would be.

On Thursday night, May sixth, he reached Beardstown. He had floated down the Sangamon into the Illinois at that point in the days when he was steering a flatboat. He had been elected there a captain in the Black Hawk War. He knew the town. And the people knew him. He was not any longer an obscure young man, but one of the greatest men in Illinois. He was so great a man that, though the campaign was not yet open, it was determined that he should make a political speech after the trial was over.

When he got to Beardstown, Lincoln found that the relatives of Armstrong had appealed to the leading witness for the prosecution to hide

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and not attend the trial. They had him hidden in the hotel at Virginia, thirteen miles away. Lincoln would not permit this arrangement to be carried out. He insisted that they should send a wagon that night and bring the witness, and he was on hand next morning.

The name of this witness was Allen. He was one of the group present when the fight occurred, and claimed to have seen the fatal blow struck by Duff. He said that the moon was shining brightly at the time. The murder was in 1857, and the trial was in 1858. Lincoln produced an almanac of the previous year, showing that while there was a dim moon at the time it was not bright enough or high enough for the witness to have been sure that it was Armstrong who struck the fatal blow. He then told how kind this boy's father and mother had been to him when he was a poor boy, and that he had come to pay a debt of gratitude. Armstrong was acquitted, and it is good to know that he lived worthily thereafter, and in the Civil War was a good soldier.

A great deal has been written about this trial, and much of it is mistaken. This was not one of Lincoln's difficult cases. The fight had been a drunken scrimmage in which it was not very clear who was to blame, and the case was tried at

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a distance from where the people concerned lived, so there was no one who was very anxious for a conviction. One man was in prison already for the killing, and even the principal witness was quite willing to stay away. Lincoln seldom had an easier victory. All the jury wanted was a reasonable excuse for finding Duff Armstrong "Not Guilty," which they very promptly did.

Then court adjourned, and that night Beardstown listened to a political address by Abraham Lincoln, who had been in Beardstown as a poor boy, and was now to run for the Senate against Stephen A. Douglas. They were much more interested in him than they were in seeing Duff Armstrong sent to jail.

Lincoln was happy, not because he had used a clever trick in producing the almanac, though that was an honest and proper thing to do, but because he had paid a debt of gratitude to the widow of his old friend, Jack Armstrong.

Another case, and one also that gave him satisfaction, after Lincoln had become a leader in his profession, was the defense of a grandson of Reverend Peter Cartwright. This sturdy Methodist preacher had defeated Lincoln the first time he ran for the Legislature, and Lincoln had defeated him when he was elected a member

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of Congress. Mr. Cartwright's grandson was indicted for murder. The sorrow and disgrace nearly broke the good old man's heart, and he had already suffered through the misconduct of this same grandson. Lincoln defended the young man, and secured his acquittal, and at the close of the trial the old man thanked him with streaming eyes.

Lincoln never showed his fine spirit more truly than when he was dealing with men who had opposed him, or with those who were akin to them. After he became president, he was asked to appoint a young man named Butterfield to an important position. Lincoln inquired and found that this was a son of Honorable Justin Butterfield, who had defeated Lincoln when he sought appointment as land commissioner. Lincoln said:

"Mr. Justin Butterfield once secured a place which I greatly desired; in fact I never wanted anything so much in my life. It gives me great pleasure to make this appointment of Justin Butterfield's son."

A prominent Illinois lawyer who had been a political opponent of Lincoln, in an address a

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few days after Lincoln's death, opened his heart to his associates at the bar, and told the sorrow that had come to him through a wayward son, who had been accused of murder and who afterward joined the Confederate Army.

At a meeting of the Bar of Chicago, held on April 17, 1865, to take appropriate action with regard to the national affliction, Mr. U. F. Linder, one of the leading Democrats of Illinois, delivered an eloquent tribute to the memory of the departed President. Mr. Linder had known Mr. Lincoln intimately from boyhood. Both were born near the same place in Kentucky; they had removed to Illinois at nearly the same time; had practised law together, and for many years were warm-hearted friends. The reminiscences of Mr. Lincoln, which Mr. Linder narrated in his remarks were affecting beyond account, and more than one, as he listened to the tremulous tones of the speaker, was visibly moved to tears. He said:

“I feel I can not let this occasion go by without laying a tribute—an humble tribute—of mine upon the grave of him whom I so long since learned to love. It is but little I can say of Abraham Lincoln, because all of his life and

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character have become as household words, and he was perhaps better known than any other man, alive or dead.

“It was my lot fortunately to know Abraham Lincoln before he was known to the nation. I knew him, or became acquainted with him, about or a little before the commencement of his career as a lawyer and a public man. I was introduced to him at the hotel in Charleston, in this state, in the year 1835. He was dressed in a plain suit of jean, and looked like a quiet unassuming farmer. There struck me then, more than anything else in the man, the expression of goodness and kindness which gleamed in his eyes, and which sat there all the days of his life; and it has seemed to me a hundred times since I heard of his assassination, that no man could have looked in his face and assassinated him. There was too much that commanded respect and too much of mercy for any man facing him to do him harm. Wherever he came he brought sunshine. All men hailed him as an addition to their circle. He was genial; he was humorous; he was clear in the expression of his sentiments; he was honest. But in all his career, in all his humor, there was nothing that ever came from him that planted a thorn or a dagger in any man’s heart.

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“I have known him intimately since I came to the state of Illinois. I knew his father and his relatives in Kentucky. They were a good family. They were poor, and the very poorest people, I might say, of the middle classes, but they were true. No man who has known Lincoln as a friend, as I have known him, was ever afraid to call upon him for his aid, or was ever afraid to ask of him a kindness.”

The speaker, much moved with emotion, then referred to an incident of his acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln, when, a son of his being under arrest accused of murder, Mr. Linder had occasion to test the friendship of the man who later became president. He said:

“On that occasion many seemed to avail themselves of the opportunity to wreak vengeance upon me in the death of my son. I wrote to Mr. Lincoln. I was in a quarter of the country where I knew he was a tower of strength; where his name raised up friends; where his arguments at law had more power than the instructions of the Court. I feared, many of his political friends being united against my son, that his services and his talents might be enlisted against

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him. I wrote to him, giving him all the circumstances, telling him of my wife's grief and my own, and soliciting that he would come and assist me to defend my son; that I thought he had been employed against him. I preserved his letter for a long time; I wish I had it now; I should rejoice in its possession; I would work hard to obtain the means to frame it in gold. The sum of it was this: He condoled with me and my wife in our misfortune, and assured us that, no matter what business he might be engaged in, he would come, and he was truly sorry that I had supposed that he would take part in the prosecution of the son of a friend of his. I had offered him a fee, and in that letter he also said he knew of no act of his life that would justify me in supposing that he would take money from me or any dear friends for assisting in the defense of the life of a child.

"I wish to say that his friendship to me has continued up to a recent period. It was the fortune of the same son to move south before this rebellion broke out. By some means, he was enlisted in the service of the rebel army. My friends here know, as you judges, who sit upon the bench know, that I called upon them to unite with me in adding your influence to mine to prevail upon President Lincoln to induce him to

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release my boy from prison. He was captured a year and a half ago. Mr. Lincoln did so without any hesitation, and he took the pains—it was the day before Christmas a year ago, and it made my home happy—to telegraph me of the fact, which he stated (he always said things short, as he said, I believe, things better than anybody else,) in his usual manner. He said to me: ‘Your son has just left me with my order to the Secretary of War to administer the oath of allegiance. I send him home to you and his mother.’ I wish I had his telegram here. The mother of my boy still preserves it, and I left it to-day to be framed.”

In 1854 Lincoln came back into politics as a candidate for the United States Senate. When Missouri became a state, in 1820, there had been an agreement which was enacted into law that thereafter all new states north of the southern boundary of Missouri should be free states. Kansas and Nebraska were now ready to enter the Union, and under that law should both have been free. But the slave-holding interests wanted Kansas to come in as a slave state, so that part of the Missouri Compromise which related to slavery was repealed.

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This seemed to Lincoln a very wicked thing, and he determined to fight it with all his might. For a time it seemed that he would be elected senator in 1854. In Illinois, senators now are elected by direct vote of the people, but in 1854, and until recent years, they were chosen by the vote of the two Houses of the General Assembly. Lincoln believed that, while he did not have a majority of votes in his favor, he had more than any other one candidate, and that he would be elected. On the day when the vote was taken, Mrs. Lincoln sat in the gallery of the old Representatives Hall, and watched a contest which she believed was to result in the election of her husband as state senator from Illinois. Her sister, Mrs. Ninian W. Edwards, who lived in one of the proud old homes of Springfield, was with her, and had prepared a reception to be given that night to Senator and Mrs. Lincoln. But while Lincoln had a large vote, he could not secure a majority, and the election went to Lyman Trumbull, whose wife was a particular friend of Mrs. Lincoln.

Mrs. Edwards gave the reception, but it was to Senator and Mrs. Lyman Trumbull, and Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln were in the receiving line. It was, however, a rather solemn party for

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them. It would be four years before there was another possible opening for a place in the Senate, and many things could happen in four years.

So Abraham Lincoln, disappointed again, went back to the circuit, and determined to be a better lawyer than ever. But he also determined that as he had come back into political life on what he believed a moral issue, he would remain in politics.

At that time Lincoln was not demanding that all the slaves should be freed. There seemed to be no way in sight by which that result could be accomplished. But he did demand that none of the new states should come in as slave states; that if slavery continued to exist where it was already established, it should go no farther, and that the conscience of the nation should have assurance that slavery was tolerated only in the hope of its ultimate extinction. From that position, Abraham Lincoln never receded.

Now and then Mr. Lincoln would take one of his boys with him to some of the nearer county-seats, and he was a good companion of his boys. Only there were times when he was so deep in thoughts he did not notice the boy by his side, and scarcely noticed which way the horse was going. For that matter, he was often absent-

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minded. Sometimes he would walk along the street in Springfield with one of the boys holding his hand and seem to forget that he was not alone, and give an almost surprised look when, at the fourth or fifth repetition of a question he would suddenly remember that he had one of the boys along.

Whenever he went to Chicago he used to buy candy and take home to Mrs. Lincoln and the boys, not simply the barber-pole stick candy, which was sold in Springfield, but wonderful new kinds. That was how he lost his dictionary, a small copy of Webster, which he carried in his saddle-bags or carpet-sack. He almost forgot it in the hotel, but remembered it after his bag was locked and took it in his hand. He dropped it to sample the candy in the store at the corner of State and Adams, and never recovered it. That is how the writer of this book came to own it.

Once Mr. Lincoln took Willie with him to Chicago and they stayed there two or three days while Mr. Lincoln was in court. Willie wrote a letter to a friend in Springfield:

“Chicago, Illinois, June 9, 1859.

“Dear Henry:

“This town is a beautiful place. Me and

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father went to two theaters the other night. Me and father have a nice room to ourselves. We have two little pitchers on a wash stand. The smallest one for me, the largest one for father. We have two little towels on top of both pitchers. The smallest one for me, the largest one for father.

“We have two little beds in the room. The smallest one for me, the largest one for father.

“We have two little wash basins. The smallest one for me, the largest one for father.

“The weather is very fine in this town. Was there an exhibition on Wednesday, night before last?

“Yours truly,

“WILLIE LINCOLN.”

CHAPTER XV

LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS

WHEN the thirteen colonies became free and independent states, slavery was in existence in more than half of them. It was not looked upon with favor, and in the Constitution it was provided that the importation of slaves into the country from Africa should not continue after 1808. There was general hope that by that time some way might be found to do away with slavery altogether.

In the beginnings there were no political parties in the United States, but they soon developed, and in time the slavery issue became dominant. For a long time the opposing parties were known as the Democratic party, which in general tried to maintain the principles of Thomas Jefferson and of Andrew Jackson, and the Whig party, which more nearly preserved the ideals of Jefferson's distinguished rival, Alexander Hamilton.

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At first neither of these parties was avowedly anti-slavery, and several efforts to organize parties to fight the battle on this issue gave no decided result. At length the Whig party, having had many defeats and few and unimportant successes, went to pieces.

After Lincoln had suffered defeat in his candidacy for the United States Senate in 1854, he went back to his practise of law as he had done after his previous disappointments, and he met with increased success. The office which he and Herndon maintained was a disorderly place, with little method or system of filing documents or preserving records, but it was a place where men gathered to discuss politics as well as to consider legal matters. It is said that some garden seeds which a member of Congress had sent to the office sprouted in the litter of the office: and there was a package of odds and ends labeled in Lincoln's hand, "If you don't find it anywhere else, look here." Some of Lincoln's most important cases came at this period, but he increasingly did his work for his more important cases, especially those that were to be argued before the United States District Court or before the Supreme Court of Illinois, in the Law Library of the State House. He was now more than a jury lawyer.

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But he was still a politician. Ever since his defeat in 1854, he had realized the probability that in 1858 he would have to cross swords with the most brilliant politician in Illinois, Honorable Stephen A. Douglas.

This gifted orator was born in Brandon, Vermont, April 23, 1813, and was thus four years younger than Abraham Lincoln. He migrated to Illinois in 1833, three years later than Lincoln, and reached Jacksonville with thirty-seven cents in his pocket. Lincoln was tall, and Douglas was short and not very strong. He was a cabinet-maker by trade, but soon became a school-teacher, studied law and on March 4, 1845, was licensed to practise law in Illinois.

His rise to prominence was amazingly rapid. He was soon active in politics, and from the very beginning his success was remarkable. In 1835 he was chosen district attorney for the First Judicial District of Illinois, and in the next year entered the Legislature, where Abraham Lincoln had already been for two years a member. Douglas was the youngest member of the House, was four years younger than Lincoln and nearly two feet shorter. He was buoyant, good-natured, self-confident and handsome.

In 1838, he was a candidate for Congress

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against John T. Stuart, Lincoln's first law partner. For weeks the two men canvassed the state speaking six days a week, and Stuart was declared elected by a plurality of five votes. In 1841, Douglas became secretary of state in Illinois, but held the office less than a month, being appointed a judge of the Supreme Court of Illinois, though less than twenty-eight years old. In 1842 he was almost elected United States Senator, and in the following year was elected to the Lower House of Congress, defeating Orville H. Browning, a prominent and reputable lawyer of Quincy, who, as it eventuated, became the successor of Douglas in the United States Senate after the death of Douglas in 1861.

Douglas was able to save money from his salary and practise, and he invested his savings in Chicago land, and prospered. In 1856 the corner-stone of the University of Chicago was laid on land which he donated. He has been called the father of the University of Chicago. In April, 1847, he married a wealthy southern lady, the owner of a number of slaves.

In 1846, after two terms in the Lower House, Douglas was elected United States senator for a period of six years. In the Senate, he was at once appointed chairman of the Committee on

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Territories, and it was his committee that reported the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, which Lincoln so earnestly opposed.

The position which Douglas held with regard to slavery was that each state had a right to decide for itself whether slavery should or should not exist within its boundaries. He advocated what he called "popular sovereignty."

Douglas had served two years of his second term as senator when Lincoln was defeated in 1854, but in 1858 Douglas would be a candidate for a third term of six years. Lincoln was now certain to be his opponent.

In 1856 a new political party, called Republican, was organized. It endeavored to unite all those who were opposed to the further extension of slavery. Lincoln, who had been a Whig ever since he defined his political convictions, reluctantly admitted that his old party had no future, and joined the new party.

The Republican party held its first convention for the nomination of president and vice-president at Philadelphia, on June 17, 1856. John C. Fremont was nominated for president, and William L. Dayton for vice-president. Mr. Lincoln's name was prominent before the convention for the latter office, and on the

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informal ballot he stood next to Mr. Dayton, receiving one hundred and ten votes. Mr. Lincoln's name headed the Republican electoral ticket in Illinois, and he took an active part in the canvass, but the Democrats carried the state, though only by a plurality vote.

But though Mr. Lincoln was now actively in politics against the further extension of slavery, he did not want to be called an abolitionist.

One day, while the State Fair was going on in Springfield, bringing men from different parts of the state, he made a speech against slavery so pronounced that Owen Lovejoy, brother of the brave man who had been killed at Alton, rose at the close and announced that there would be a meeting in the same place that night. The meeting then adjourned, and Mr. Lovejoy looked for Mr. Lincoln and could not find him. Mr. Lincoln had gone home. But he did not stay home. He called his son Bob, and asked him how he would like to take a drive and be gone two or three days. Bob was very willing to go, and they drove a long way, to Tremont, where court was in session. Mr. Lincoln had some business there, but had not expected to attend to it at that time.

He explained to Robert that he did not want

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to be asked to attend the meeting in Springfield that night. He had spoken strongly against slavery, and meant to stand by what he had said; but he did not wish to go as far as Mr. Lovejoy and his friends, nor yet did he wish to be misunderstood as he would be if he refused to speak again. So he and Robert had a long ride together, and when they returned to Springfield the State Fair was over.

The most famous of his speeches in the campaign of 1856 was his "lost speech," delivered in Bloomington, when the Republican party of Illinois was organized. This address, whose general content we doubtless possess in his Peoria speech, thrilled his hearers, and made him the standard bearer of those that rallied and organized to oppose any further extension of slavery.

In 1858, the term of Stephen A. Douglas as senator from Illinois came to an end, and he was a candidate for reelection. Mr. Lincoln was at once nominated to succeed him. He accepted the nomination in a speech which fairly took away the breath of his supporters. It was most carefully prepared, and it began:

"Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Convention:—If we could know first where we are,

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and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do, and how to do it. We are now far into the fifth year since a policy was initiated with the avowed object, and confident promise, of putting an end to slavery agitation. Under the operation of that policy that agitation has not only not ceased, but has constantly augmented. In my opinion, it will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. 'A house divided against itself can not stand.' I believe this Government can not endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved, I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction: or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the states, old as well as new, North as well as South."

With this as his key-note he entered the campaign. It was a very courageous utterance and seemed to many of his friends unfortunate. The answer of Douglas was immediate. He said

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that this government from its beginning had been half slave and half free, and that it could never have been established on any other basis. Douglas said he was not an advocate of slavery, neither was he an abolitionist. He believed in letting the people of each state decide this for themselves, and if they decided freely, it did not matter to him whether they voted slavery up or voted it down.

Lincoln and Douglas began stumping the state separately, but before long it was arranged that they should meet at seven different cities in different parts of the state and hold joint debates. As they had already so met in Chicago and Springfield, those two centers were counted out, and the contestants arranged for one debate in each of the remaining congressional districts, of which altogether there were nine.

These debates began at Ottawa, August 21, 1858, and continued at Freeport, August twenty-seventh, Jonesboro, September fifteenth, Charleston, September eighteenth, Galesburg, October seventh, Quincy, October thirteenth and Alton, October fifteenth. On the intervening dates the two orators spoke separately.

Great crowds attended these meetings. There were brass bands and banners and processions.

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Douglas went from place to place in a special train carrying a brass cannon. There was tremendous enthusiasm. Opinion was strongly divided as to which of the two men made the more favorable impression. Whether many votes were changed or not, the people were compelled to know about the issue and to take sides for or against the further extension of slavery. The Lincoln-Douglas Debates became famous all over the country. The Chicago papers quoted them in full, and other papers copied them widely.

The position which Lincoln took in these debates was that the slavery question was a national one and not simply a question for each separate state to decide. He held further that it was a moral question, and that no man was good enough to own another man. When any one asked him if he would like to marry a negro, he answered that he did not want a negro either as his wife or as his slave.

He went back to Springfield just before the campaign ended and there delivered a very courteous and noble speech. He said he had been accused of ambition and he did not deny that he was ambitious. But he said that if Senator Douglas would agree to stand for the hope of

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making the country free he would agree never to be a candidate for any office so long as Douglas wanted one. He said that he had earnestly prayed that it might not become his duty to enter this very trying and expensive campaign, but he had become a candidate because he believed it was his duty. He said that he had not intended to say anything unkind about any of his opponents and he asked forgiveness if he had said anything to hurt any one's feelings, but he believed he had done right and was willing to await the result.

On the night of the election he was at the telegraph office until quite late, and before he went home he knew that Douglas had won. It was a dark rainy night and there were places where there was no sidewalk. In one of these the rain and tramping of feet had made a hard "hog-back path." His foot slipped and he almost went sprawling in the mud, but by a quick and fortunate leap he recovered his balance. He walked home through the rain, wet and chilly and defeated, but as he went he chuckled to himself, "It's a slip and not a fall!"

CHAPTER XVI

LINCOLN THE RAILSPLITTER

WHEN Abraham Lincoln as a boy of eight entered into his first conscious approach to manhood on the removal of his father's home to Indiana, he started at once with such work as he could do with an ax. At first he trimmed up the trees that his father had cut down, and then as his arms grew stronger he did his full share in cutting down trees and in splitting them up into fence-rails. When he first came to Illinois at the age of twenty-one he and Dennis and John Hanks and John D. Johnston split rails to fence in his father's first field on the banks of the Sangamon. In the following autumn and winter he split rails for Major Warnick and afterward at New Salem split other rails to pay for the making of a pair of trousers. Probably he did no more railsplitting than other strong young men of his age in that part of the country and at that time. He may have done less of it, for his work

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as a merchant and surveyor and his service in the Legislature somewhat removed him from field and forest. But he was destined to be known as the "Railsplitter."

The Republican party had been organized in Illinois in 1856. Lincoln identified himself with the new party whose most important principle was opposition to the extension of slavery in the territories. The first presidential candidate of the Republican party in 1856 was John C. Fremont who had become famous for his crossing of the Rocky Mountains and who was called "the Pathfinder." Lincoln heartily supported Fremont and made campaign speeches in his favor. It was the nomination of Lincoln as this party's candidate for senator in 1858 which brought about Lincoln's famous debates with Stephen A. Douglas.

The debates of 1858 made Lincoln a figure in national politics. He began to be talked about in other states than Illinois as a man who had a large political future. He was far from being prominent among the men mentioned for the presidency, but a few people had even spoken of him as a presidential possibility, and a larger number thought of him as a man to be reckoned with.

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But except for some early campaign speeches in southern Indiana in favor of Henry Clay, and the speeches that he made in 1848 in New England in favor of General Taylor, his voice had scarcely been heard on the political stump outside his own state. Lincoln's friends were wishing for him a wider acquaintance, and he knew that he needed influential friends, both in and out of Illinois.

He tried lecturing. He prepared an address on *Discoveries and Inventions* and delivered it a half-dozen times in Illinois towns in 1859. It was not a great success, and it brought him little money and no opportunity for acquaintance outside. He delivered an address before the Agricultural Fair in Milwaukee, but that was not very far out of Illinois. He went to Cincinnati and Columbus, in each city following Douglas, and there he made speeches which widened his circle of friends. Best of all, in Columbus he found a publisher who was willing to undertake the printing of the Lincoln-Douglas Debates; and this volume caused people to know what manner of man he was. Slowly but surely he was emerging as a national figure. But not many people thought him a great enough man to be president. He himself, when

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the matter was mentioned to him, spoke of his own poor education, and of the number of greater men who seemed more likely to be worthy of the office. But all the while he was thinking of the matter, with some real hope that that great office would come to him. And Mrs. Lincoln felt sure that it would do so.

One very important event gave Lincoln an acquaintance in the East. He was invited to speak in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, of which church Henry Ward Beecher was pastor. His address was to be given on a week night and he was at liberty to speak on politics if he cared to do so. He decided to make a political address, and the plan was changed so that he should speak in Cooper Union in New York City instead of at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. Lincoln never had worked so hard on any address as he did on this one. It was a thoughtful discussion of the American attitude toward slavery. He held that slavery was an evil and always had been recognized as an evil but that the founders of the government had treated it as something which they could not very well escape for the time but went on desperately hoping to find a way out of their difficulty. However, as he believed, this evil had fastened itself upon our whole

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industrial and political life. He did not profess even then to say how it was finally to be disposed of, but he did believe that it ought to be limited and permitted to go no further, and that the people of the nation should rest in the assurance that it not only was not to grow, but was, as he said, in the process of ultimate extinction.

The poet William Cullen Bryant presided at the meeting and introduced Lincoln. Horace Greeley and other famous men were present. Lincoln's speech was published in the New York papers and reprinted in the Chicago papers and quoted largely throughout the country.

The slavery issue had become much more tense. Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote a book called *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. This sold by scores of thousands, and excited strong indignation against slavery. A southern man named Hinton Rowan Helper wrote a book called *The Impending Crisis* in which he did not attempt to show that slavery was morally wrong, but did show that the South was bringing trouble on itself by reason of slavery and that the only salvation for the South was to get rid of it.

A third very important thing happened. On the night of October 16, 1859, John Brown cap-

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tured the United States arsenal at Harper's Ferry. John Brown had led a tempestuous life in Kansas during the bitter struggle when Kansas was deciding whether it was to enter the Union as a free state or a slave state. As this issue was to be determined by the people living in Kansas, Brown sought to induce as many immigrants as possible who hated slavery to go to Kansas and to go armed so that they could not be driven out. Bloodshed had occurred, and "Bleeding Kansas" had come into the Union a free state. Brown organized a small force in which his own sons had a prominent share and endeavored to start an insurrection of the slaves in the South. Brown was disappointed. The slaves did not rise to fight for their own freedom. He and his men were captured after several of them, including one of his own sons, had been killed, and Brown himself was severely wounded. He was tried for conspiracy and rebellion against the United States Government and was hanged. He met his death with great heroism, saying he believed hanging was the best use he could be put to, and he was right about it. His armed attack against the United States Government was a complete failure, but his courageous death impressed even those who executed him. It was

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not a great while before hundreds of thousands of soldiers were marching to put down slavery and singing as they marched:

“John Brown’s body lies a-mouldering in the
grave,
But his soul goes marching on.”

Lincoln did not believe that John Brown had done a wise thing, for Lincoln was a strong defender of the Constitution, but he knew that Brown had done a very brave thing. Certainly John Brown brought the freedom of the slave nearer.

All these things were in the public mind when Lincoln went east to deliver his Cooper Union speech.

When Mr. Lincoln left Springfield to deliver his lecture at Plymouth Church, or as it happened instead, in Cooper Union, he decided to go on to New England. He had talked this over with Mrs. Lincoln, and both of them thought it was best. So he wrote to some prominent men in New England saying that he was at liberty to make a few engagements, and they arranged for him to speak in a number of cities.

But what suggested to him the idea of going to New England? The answer to this question

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explains how Robert Lincoln helped to make his father president.

In 1859, Robert Lincoln, seventeen years of age, went to Cambridge and tried to pass the entrance examinations for Harvard. He was examined in sixteen subjects and failed in fifteen. His father wrote for him not to come home, but go to Phillips Academy at Exeter, New Hampshire, and work hard for a year, and try to get into Harvard the next year. Robert did so, and from time to time the Lincoln family wrote him earnest letters inquiring how he was getting on.

When Mr. Lincoln knew that he was to visit New York he decided to go on and see Robert and find out for himself what progress he was making. So he spent a week-end there, and went to church with Robert, and made speeches in Exeter and in other places coming and going. He made a good impression. New England people who had been hearing about Mr. Lincoln's speeches in Illinois, and of his debates with Douglas and last of all about his Cooper Union address, found him a much abler man than they had expected. A few months later when he was proposed for the presidency New England was much more favorably disposed toward him than it might otherwise have been. If Robert had failed

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lican vote was largest. Still, Lincoln had good friends in Chicago and elsewhere in the northern part of the state, and he had hoped that Illinois would instruct its delegates to vote for him.

Political conventions are moved by strange incidents, some of which appeal more to the imagination and feelings than to sound reason. Among Lincoln's warm friends in Decatur was Richard J. Oglesby, who afterward became governor. He had heard about Lincoln's having split rails near Decatur. John Hanks still was living in that vicinity, and Oglesby got Hanks to go with him to where a fence erected thirty years before was still standing, made of rails which Lincoln and Hanks had split. Two of those rails they fastened on to the buggy and drove back to Decatur with them. Just at the moment when the convention was ready for some event that would raise its enthusiasm, Oglesby announced that an old Democrat, John Hanks, had something which he wished to present to the convention. Hanks then came in with a group of helpers bearing aloft two fence rails and between them a placard which read:

Abraham Lincoln
The Rail Candidate
For President in 1860.

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Oglesby announced that these were rails which Lincoln himself had split. The convention received the announcement with great enthusiasm and called for Lincoln. He had been in some doubt whether to attend the convention or not. He said he was "too much of a candidate to go, and not quite enough of a candidate to stay away."

Lincoln was called to the platform, and was received with great applause. He said he could not certify that he had split those particular rails. He said he had split other rails both before and afterward, and some of them he thought rather better than the two that were exhibited. He made a short speech on the issues of the campaign and left the platform amid great applause.

Very likely he would have been nominated by his friends in Illinois even without the fence rails, but that incident was dramatic and spectacular and had its marked effect. As John C. Fremont had been known as the "Pathfinder," Lincoln became known as the "Railsplitter." It helps a candidate very much to have some convenient and homely name. Nothing could have been more to Lincoln's advantage in the campaign than opening than to be known as "the Railsplitter." To be sure, splitting rails was

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about the least distinctive thing Lincoln had ever done. Nearly every delegate in the convention had done more or less of it. Most of them had sprung from the soil, and all were familiar with the hard work of chopping down trees and making fences. But such a title seemed to certify that the man who bore it as a candidate for high office was still a man of the people. So Lincoln was approved by the Republican Convention of his own state as its favorite for nomination for the presidency.

But could he carry the convention? It did not seem probable. Popular as he was in Illinois, he was not widely known or esteemed a great man by many of the leaders outside the state. Not many, even of those who were proposing his name as a nominee, believed that he could be nominated, or if nominated, elected. There were newspapers in Illinois that ridiculed the idea that a man of so little education and culture should be thought of as a candidate for the presidency.

The Chicago Convention would decide the question of his nomination, and it was not necessary to wait long for it. In the same month of the state convention at Decatur came the national convention at Chicago.

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There were not a few people who made mirth of the nomination of a railsplitter for the presidency, and called attention to the superior qualifications of Douglas; but Douglas had got into trouble with his own party, and the reason for the quarrel is much to his credit, but it made it impossible for Douglas to command the support of the Democratic party in a national election. The friends of Lincoln, therefore, retorted, "Lincoln split rails, but Douglas split his party."

CHAPTER XVII

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION

IN 1856 and in any year before that, a good-sized theater such as was to be found in almost any American city was large enough for a national political convention. But a new order of things began in 1860 when Chicago, having invited the National Republican Convention, and having no hall large enough to accommodate the crowd that was expected, erected a temporary building called "the Wigwam." It was then the largest public hall in the country. It had a platform large enough to seat all the nearly five hundred delegates, and additional space for several thousand visitors.

Excursion trains were run on the different railroads centering in Chicago, and the city prepared to extend a welcome to a larger company than it had ever entertained in its hotels and boarding houses.

The delegates from Illinois went to the Chicago convention instructed to vote for Abraham

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Lincoln. Lincoln himself did not attend the convention, but he knew that he had at least a chance of being the successful candidate. Very anxiously he waited in Springfield for the result of the balloting which was done in the Chicago Wigwam.

The Chicago convention opened at noon on Wednesday, May 16, 1860. It was Seward's fifty-ninth birthday. His friends confidently expected he would receive the nomination as a birthday present. That day was taken up with the beginnings of organization and with some social events. The next day was occupied with the adoption of the platform. Nominations were made on Friday morning. The Wigwam was jammed and a great crowd gathered outside. A cannon had been placed on the roof of the Wigwam ready to fire when a nomination should have been made. There were 465 votes. Of these 233 were necessary to a choice. On the first ballot Seward had $173\frac{1}{2}$ and Lincoln stood second with 102. Although Seward stood at the head it became evident that he could not be nominated. On the third ballot Lincoln received 364 votes. The cannon on the roof was fired, but it is said that the boom of the gun was not heard in the Wigwam, so great was the noise inside.

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A few minutes later a telegram announced to Abraham Lincoln and his friends that he had received the nomination. He did not wait long to receive the congratulations of his friends, but said, "There is a little woman over on Eighth Street who will be glad to hear the news. If you will excuse me, I'll go and tell her."

On the following day a special train came from Chicago bringing the official committee that was to inform Mr. Lincoln of his nomination.

A great crowd was in Springfield when the special train arrived from Chicago. The regular trains had brought many people from far and near. Besides these, large numbers of men and women and boys and girls from the farms and the near-by towns came drifting into Springfield to see the famous men who were coming on the train, and also to see Mr. Lincoln, now that he was a nominee for the presidency.

One other thing occurred that day to bring people to Springfield. There was a political rally of the opposing party. It had been planned before any one thought that on that day there would be a trainload of people coming to tell Abraham Lincoln of his nomination, but the rally was not called off. The meeting was not a small one, and it showed that not all of Lincoln's

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neighbors believed him the best man for the presidency. He had few enemies. Almost every one liked him. But many people who lived in the same town with him were not to be deceived into the notion that Abe Lincoln was a great enough man to be president.

It was a great day for the Lincoln boys. They were listening for the whistle of the locomotive, and then they were watching for the appearance of the delegation as the people came down the street from the station. When the distinguished men got near enough so that there could be no doubt about them, the Lincoln boys shouted "Hooray," and, having greeted the foremost members of the procession, ran to the house to tell their father and mother that the company had really come. Probably if the whole truth were known Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were as much excited as the boys, but they were grown up and could not properly shout.

The ceremonies at the Lincoln home were simple, but many of the delegates who had come with some feeling that Mr. Lincoln was a backwoods boor went away with a much more favorable impression. Both Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln bore themselves well that day, and even the boys, after their first shout, were sedate and proper.

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Mr. Lincoln received the visitors with informal courtesy, and Mrs. Lincoln served refreshments. Thoughtful neighbors had offered to provide wine, but their courtesy was declined. The delegation drank nothing but water.

Stephen A. Douglas led the largest faction in the Democratic party, but there was another strong contingent that opposed him. Beside this a third party came into the field and while it did not poll a large vote it served to weaken the opposition to Lincoln. Before a great while it became apparent that unless the Democrats could heal the division in their own ranks Abraham Lincoln would be elected.

Delegations now came to meet Mr. Lincoln every day. Photographers brought their cameras and photographed him. Artists brought their easels and painted his portrait. Politicians and newspaper reporters came in great numbers.

The office of Lincoln and Herndon became too small to receive out-of-town delegations. Lincoln established his reception room in the Governor's office in the State Capitol, and received larger deputations in the Legislative Hall.

There were brass bands and torch-light processions with much outpouring of oratory throughout the months of the summer and

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autumn. Organizations were formed which bore the name "Wide-Awakes." They sang as they marched:

"Ain't I glad I j'ined the Wide-Awakes
Down in Illinois."

and they told how:

"Old Abe Lincoln came out of the wilderness
Down in Illinois."

November came. Lincoln had declined to make any speeches or to leave Springfield for any political event. He had remained at home receiving thousands of visitors who came in great procession. Election day passed and it was soon apparent that Lincoln was elected.

After his election to the presidency Mr. Lincoln took Mrs. Lincoln for their one important trip together away from Springfield before their leaving for Washington. It occurred only a few days after the election, and the place to which they journeyed was Chicago. There were several reasons why they went. One was that the great city in which Mr. Lincoln had been nominated wanted to see him. Another was that Hannibal Hamlin, candidate for the vice-presi-

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'dency wanted to meet his chief, and Mr. Lincoln wanted to confer with him, and it was thought that Chicago was a proper place for them to meet and hold a reception. Another was that some men of political influence wanted to get together and have a conference with the president-elect. There was one other reason. Mrs. Lincoln wanted some new dresses. Mr. Lincoln wrote to his old friend, Joshua F. Speed, of Louisville, and asked him to come to Chicago and bring Mrs. Speed. He said to Speed that if Speed would bring "his Fanny" Lincoln would bring "his Mollie" and the two women could have a pleasant outing and do some shopping, while Speed and Lincoln had a good old-time visit. The two men had the visit, and Fanny Speed and Mollie Lincoln had a great time shopping.

The reception was in the Tremont House. It was a stormy, muddy day, and the thick carpets of the hotel were much the worse for the trampling of the crowd. Mr. Lincoln stood at the head of the receiving line; Mrs. Lincoln stood next on his right; Hannibal Hamlin stood next. Chicago had never seen a president-elect or the wife of a president-elect nor a vice-president-elect, and it seemed as if the whole city came out to see them all. It was a long procession, and

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Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln and Mr. Hamlin shook hands with every man, woman and child in the whole long line.

It grew to be wearisome, and the face of Mr. Lincoln grew sober and expressionless. But in the line there were three kinds of people who roused him. One was his old friends. When one of them came by, Mr. Lincoln shook his hand with great heartiness. Another was tall men. Mr. Lincoln always admired men who were tall and liked to measure his own height against theirs. Looking admiringly at one man as tall as himself, Mr. Lincoln said, "You are up *some!*" But the third kind of people who aroused his interest was the children. Whenever a boy or girl came by, Mr. Lincoln was interested. One small boy shouted, "Hooray for Lincoln and Hamlin!" and Mr. Lincoln caught him up and gave him a high toss. Little girls, also, attracted his attention. At one time eight little girls with autograph books came in a group and asked him to sign his name, and the procession had to halt till he had written in every book.

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were very tired when it was all over, but perhaps not more so than they would have been had they remained in Springfield, and it was a pleasant change.

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Moreover, Mrs. Lincoln had pleasure in the thought that she would go to Washington wearing good clothes, and she determined that Mr. Lincoln should have a new suit and a tall hat. He had them. He had most of the things which Mrs. Lincoln thought he ought to have.

While most of the visitors during those months came from out-of-town, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln did not forget their old neighbors. There were evenings when Mr. Lincoln slipped away and sat with his old friends in the corner store, and others when old friends came in and spent an hour, but these occasions had to be few, for the town was filled with a procession of politicians and reporters and office-seekers from outside. But before the Lincolns gave up their home, they had a grand "levee" or reception for their Springfield neighbors. It was a festive event, but after all a rather solemn one.

The Springfield children, too, were not forgotten. Mrs. Lincoln wrote with her own hand cards of invitation to farewell parties to the boys and girls with whom her own boys played. "Bob" was almost a man, and having graduated from Phillips Academy, was a student in Harvard, for his father was determined that Robert should have the education which he himself so

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greatly missed; but the boys had their farewell parties. Isaac Diller, then six years old, received and still cherishes a note which Mrs. Lincoln wrote, reading:

Willie Lincoln will
be pleased to see you
Wednesday afternoon at 3
o'clock.
Tuesday, Dec. 22d.

Isaac Diller remembers it as a very happy party, and the boys were not unduly solemn about the prospect of parting, for the Lincoln boys all expected to come back again, and all the others said they were going to Washington some time.

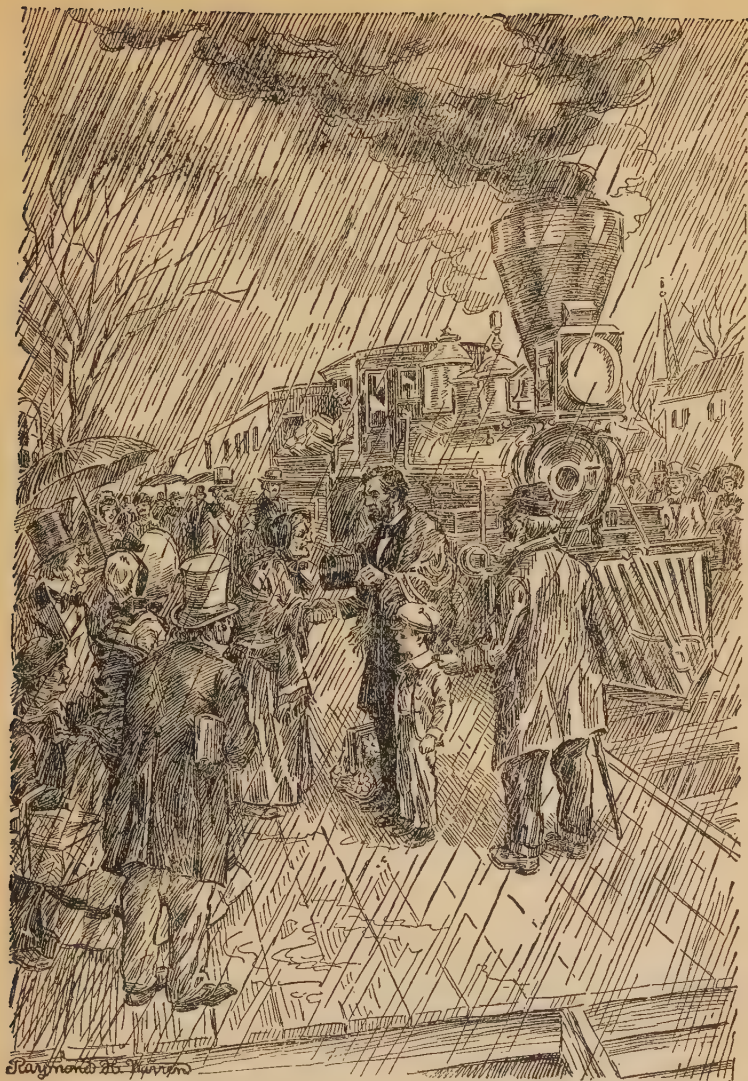
Mrs. Lincoln had her bonnets made and trimmed at the home of Mrs. Helmle, and sometimes Mr. Lincoln called for Mrs. Lincoln's millinery and carried it with him as he went home from the office. He liked Mrs. Helmle's little daughter, Carrie, or "Fifi," as she was called. Whenever he passed the house he would call out to her, "Good morning, little sister." After Mr. Lincoln had been elected to the presidency and before he had gone away, she met him one day,

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just as he was about to cross the street. He was preoccupied, and did not notice her, but walked away with his head bent, and his mind far away. She stopped on the corner and looked after him with a feeling of disappointment, thinking, as she stood there, "He is president now. He is too great a man to see me." Mr. Lincoln turned as if her look had arrested him. Then he recrossed the street and took her hand. "Good-by, little sister," he said.

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln and the boys now moved to the Chenery House in Springfield, for they had rented their home, and prepared to go to Washington. Days that followed were very full and very busy. Mr. Lincoln had many letters to acknowledge and his inaugural speech to write. It was planned that he and his family and friends should go east on a special train by way of Indianapolis, Columbus, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Albany, New York, Philadelphia, Harrisburg, and Washington. Speeches had to be made in every one of those cities, and crowds waited also at every station where locomotives changed or the engine had to take water.

Before Lincoln left for Washington he went to Coles County to make a last visit to his aged



A large group of Lincoln's old neighbors gathered to see him off.

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stepmother. She received him with marked affection, and with deep anxiety. She dimly feared that she would never see again the stepson who had been better to her than her own son.

Of him she said:

“Abe was a good boy, and I can say what scarcely one woman—a mother—can say in a thousand: Abe never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused, in fact or appearance, to do anything I requested him. I never gave him a cross word in all my life. . . . His mind and mine—what little I had—seemed to run together. He was here after he was elected president. He was a dutiful son to me always. I think he loved me truly. I had a son, John, who was raised with Abe. Both were good boys; but I must say, both now being dead, that Abe was the best boy I ever saw, or expect to see.”

On the night before their final departure from Springfield, Abraham Lincoln with his own hands roped the family trunks, and took some of the hotel cards and turning them over wrote upon them, “Lincoln, Executive Mansion, Washington.” These cards he tacked on the trunks.

On Monday morning, February 11, 1861, the

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day before his fifty-second birthday, Abraham Lincoln and his family climbed into the rickety station bus and drove to the train. It was a dark, cold, drizzly morning. A large group of Lincoln's old neighbors gathered to see him off. It was a solemn gathering. Lincoln stood on the rear platform of the train and solemnly spoke these words to his old neighbors:

“My friends: No one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I can not succeed. With that assistance I can not fail. Trusting in Him, who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.”

CHAPTER XVIII

ALL ABOARD FOR WASHINGTON!

SPRINGFIELD had mourned when it had to admit that the Sangamon was not really a river that steamboats could profitably navigate, but the railroad more than made amends for that. There was a train every day for St. Louis, and young couples were accustomed to going there for their honeymoons, and sometimes they took a trip on the Mississippi River in addition, staying over between the train and the boat in the Planters' Hotel. And one could go to Chicago in little more than half a day. The Lincoln boys had been there with their father, a thing few boys in Springfield had done.

And now that Mr. Lincoln had been elected president, the Lincoln boys and their mother were going with him in a special train, all the way to Washington. It was almost too good to be true, just like something that might be read about in a book. And it was happening to ~~them~~, the Lincoln boys, of Springfield, Illinois.

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The Lincoln boys could not keep from singing about it. They sang the Wide-Awake song:

“Old Abe Lincoln came out of the wilderness,
Out of the wilderness, out of the wilderness,
Old Abe Lincoln came out of the wilderness,
Down in Illinois.”

He did not come alone. When Old Abe Lincoln came out of the wilderness of aristocratic Springfield, the boys intended to be among those present. It was a time of vast new experiences for them. All the boys in Springfield, even the Democrats, were polite to them, and newspaper reporters and other people from out-of-town treated them as people of importance.

They left Springfield on a Monday morning in February, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, and the boys, and the two secretaries, John G. Nicolay and his gay, red-headed young assistant, John Hay. Colonel Elmer Ellsworth was there, the commander of the Zouaves, a military organization largely made up of firemen. The Lincoln boys thought Elmer and his company of soldiers in their red coats and baggy knee trousers could put down the rebellion alone, if there was to be a rebellion. Some people said there would be one, but the Lincoln boys did not think so. There

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was a great deal of bluster, but it seemed to them quite impossible that the cotton-growing states were going to try to go out of the Union and make war on the government. Every now and then the train stopped, and everybody was anxious to see Mr. Lincoln and hear him make a speech. Sometimes Mrs. Lincoln brushed his collar and straightened his tie before he went out on the platform, and once he lifted her to where she could stand on the car seat and be as tall as he. Lincoln was a very tall man and Mary Todd Lincoln was a very short woman. Her husband jokingly said that they were "the long and short of the presidency."

A number of prominent men were on the train, including General Hunter, who looked so fine in his uniform that the Lincoln boys were almost jealous and wished their father had a uniform. But Mr. Lincoln was taller than General Hunter, and besides that he was president, or was to be president, as soon as they got to Washington, or a few days later.

It was nothing new to the Lincoln boys that their father was a great man; they had always known that. So had their mother. When she was a girl, and it was said that she was about to marry Abraham Lincoln, she had admitted it

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proudly, saying, "He is going to be President of the United States. That's why I'm going to marry him, for you know he isn't handsome." She and the boys had always known that Abraham Lincoln was great enough to be president, but not every one thought so; not even all the neighbors. Which showed that the neighbors were mistaken. And even those who did not think him a great man were hoping that he would give them some office, or get one for some of their cousins. Nearly every one in Springfield had a cousin somewhere who wanted his relatives to speak to Mr. Lincoln about the post-office in Brownville, Maine, or Smithville, Michigan, or Jonesville, Tennessee. It had come to be a great bother, and the family was glad to get away from Springfield and on the train.

And the men who came to see them, governors, and senators, and mayors, and other great men, treated Mr. Lincoln with respect. Very well he deserved it; the Lincoln boys had always known that. It was good to see other people acknowledging what they had always known about their father.

And as for Mrs. Lincoln, proud of her birth in a distinguished blue-grass family, who had married a tall awkward man born in the hill

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country, her cup of joy seemed at last to be full. The man she married, choosing him from among all the fine and talented young men of Springfield, was indeed to be the president of the United States.

The first night the train stopped in Indianapolis and the next night in Columbus. Each of those two cities were state capitals. There, and at Albany and Trenton and Harrisburg, state legislatures were in session. Great preparations had been made for the coming of the President-elect in these five cities and also in Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, New York and Philadelphia, and in many other cities and villages, wherever the train was to stop.

In a little town in western New York the train stopped and Mr. Lincoln, as usual, made a speech. He asked whether a little girl named Grace Bedell was in the crowd. People answered that she was there, and she was passed over people's heads up to where Mr. Lincoln stood. Then he told the crowd that he had never worn a beard until within a few weeks, but he received a letter from this little girl asking whether he had a little girl of his own and saying that she had seen his picture and thought he would look better with whiskers. He wrote her, saying that he had three

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boys but was very sorry to say he had no little girls. He took her advice about the whiskers and not only showed her how he looked with a beard, but kissed her there before the crowd. Some people thought that was a very gracious act, but some said it was a silly thing for a president to do.

Everywhere there were speeches. Men made speeches to Mr. Lincoln, and he had to think up something different to say in every place, for there were reporters on the train and at each station, and everything Mr. Lincoln said was taken down and telegraphed to newspapers all over the country. And Mr. Lincoln did not want to make any speech that would use up the material he had put into his Inaugural Address. He wanted to keep that for the day for which it was prepared, and yet everywhere he had to say something. At Indianapolis he said about all that he really had to say, but he had to keep saying it over and over in a little different form in many other places. Here was what he said in Indianapolis:

“Governor Morton and Fellow-Citizens of the State of Indiana:

“Most heartily do I thank you for this magnificent reception, and while I can not take to

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myself any share of the compliment thus paid, more than that which pertains to a mere instrument, an accidental instrument, perhaps I should say, of a great cause, yet I must look upon it as a most magnificent reception, and as such most heartily do thank you for it. You have been pleased to address yourself to me chiefly in behalf of this glorious Union in which we live, in all of which you have my hearty sympathy, and, as far as may be within my power, will have, one and inseparably, my hearty consideration. While I do not expect, upon this occasion, or until I get to Washington, to attempt any lengthy speech, I will only say to you that the salvation of the Union there needs but one single thing—the hearts of a people like yours. [Applause.]

“Of the people, when they rise in mass in behalf of the Union and the liberties of their country, truly may it be said, ‘The gates of hell can not prevail against them.’ [Renewed applause.] In all trying positions in which I shall be placed—and, doubtless, I shall be placed in many such—my reliance will be placed upon you and the people of the United States; and I wish you to remember, now and forever, that it is your business, and not mine; that if the union of these States, and the liberties of this people shall

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be lost, it is but little to any one man of fifty-two years of age, but a great deal to the thirty millions of people who inhabit these United States, and to their posterity in all coming time. It is your business to rise up and preserve the Union and liberty for yourselves, and not for me.

“I desire this should be constitutionally performed. I, as already intimated, am but an accidental instrument, temporary, and to serve but for a limited time; and I appeal to you again to constantly bear in mind that with you, and not with the politicians, not with presidents, not with office-seekers, but with you is the question, Shall the Union and shall the liberties of this country be preserved to the latest generations?”
[Cheers.]

There were more speeches in Cincinnati, Columbus, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Buffalo and at many other places between. At Buffalo the boys saw a real live ex-president, Mr. Fillmore. He was the first ex-president the Lincoln boys had ever seen, but their father was a president yet to be. There was a great reception at Albany, but people there did not seem quite so cordial, and in New York City, Mayor Fernando Wood gave an address of welcome which sounded more like

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a scolding. The boys wondered why he acted so cross. Fernando Wood, Mayor of the city, and Governors Edwin D. Morton, and Horatio Seymour of New York State, were never very friendly toward Mr. Lincoln. The boys noticed the difference between these men and some others they had met.

In Trenton, Mr. Lincoln seemed relieved to talk on something else. He was reminded of the days of his boyhood and his reading of that quaint old biography of George Washington by Parson Weems. He said to the Senate of New Jersey:

“Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Senate of the State of New Jersey:

“I am very grateful to you for the honorable reception of which I have been the object. I can not but remember the place that New Jersey holds in our early history. In the early Revolutionary struggle few of the states among the Old Thirteen had more of the battle-fields of the country within their limits than New Jersey. May I be pardoned if, upon this occasion, I mention that away back in my childhood, the earliest days of my being able to read, I got hold of a small book, such a one as few of the younger

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members have ever seen, Weems' *Life of Washington*. I remember all the accounts there given of the battle-fields and struggles for the liberties of the country, and none fixed themselves upon my imagination so deeply as the struggle here at Trenton, New Jersey. The crossing of the river; the contest with the Hessians—the great hardships endured at that time, all fixed themselves on my memory more than any single Revolutionary event; and you all know, for you have all been boys, how these early impressions last longer than any others. I recollect thinking then, boy even though I was, that there must have been something more than common that those men struggled for. I am exceedingly anxious that that thing—that something even more than national independence; that something that held out a great promise to all the people of the world to all time to come—I am exceedingly anxious that this Union, the Constitution, and the liberties of the people shall be perpetuated in accordance with the original idea for which the struggle was made; and I shall be happy indeed if I shall be a humble instrument in the hand of the Almighty, and of this His almost chosen people, for perpetuating the object of that great struggle.”

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The most interesting incident in the whole journey, so far as the Lincoln boys were concerned, was an event which occurred on February twenty-second. It was so arranged that the party should be in Philadelphia on that day, the anniversary of the birth of George Washington. Mr. Lincoln had been accustomed to celebrate Washington's birthday. One of his earliest addresses in Springfield had been a temperance address delivered on that day. When he was in Congress, he was on a committee that prepared the program for that day's celebration. But he had never had a share in such a celebration as came on February 22, 1861. It was held at Independence Hall.

The Lincoln boys had heard of Independence Hall all their lives. They had heard about the Liberty Bell. On that day they heard their father make a speech in front of Independence Hall, and saw him pull the ropes that raised a flag above the historic old building. And they heard the old Liberty Bell itself, cracked though it was, ring out a few dull notes. They thought it was a great event, and they were right.

The Lincoln boys were very proud when their father took hold of the ropes and raised the flag above the historic hall. Mr. Lincoln himself was

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stirred by the incident. That afternoon at Harrisburg he referred to it. He said:

“I have already gone through one exceedingly interesting scene this morning in the ceremonies at Philadelphia. Under the high conduct of gentlemen there, I was for the first time allowed the privilege of standing in old Independence Hall [enthusiastic cheering], to have a few words addressed to me there, and opening up to me an opportunity of expressing, with much regret, that I had not more time to express something of my own feelings, excited by the occasion, somewhat to harmonize and give shape to the feelings that had been really the feeling of my whole life. Besides this, our friends there had provided a magnificent flag of the country. They had arranged it so that I was given the honor of raising it to the head of its staff. [Applause.] And when it went up, I was pleased that it went to its place by the strength of my own feeble arm, when, according to the arrangement, the cord was pulled, and it floated gloriously to the wind, without an accident, in the light, glowing sunshine of the morning. I could not help hoping that there was, in the entire success of that beautiful ceremony, at least

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something of an omen of what is to come. [Loud applause.] How could I help feeling then as I often have felt? In the whole of that proceeding I was a very humble instrument. I had not provided the flag; I had not made the arrangements for elevating it to its place; I had applied but a very small portion of my feeble strength in raising it. In the whole transaction I was in the hands of the people who had arranged it, and if I can have the same generous cooperation of the people of the nation, I think the flag of our country may yet be kept flaunting gloriously." [Loud, enthusiastic, and continued cheers.]

The only time the boys were unhappy was at Harrisburg, where Mr. Lincoln lost the carpet-bag which contained his Inaugural Address. He had given it to Robert to carry, and Robert had been careless. Mr. Lincoln was really cross about that. They found a bag in the baggage room which Mr. Lincoln thought was his, and his key unlocked it, but inside was found nothing but a soiled shirt, a pack of cards, and a bottle of whisky. Mr. Lincoln laughed so heartily at this that he recovered his good nature and after a while his own bag was found.

It was all very interesting and exciting, but

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it grew wearisome. Besides, there was something that was not quite right. A big detective, Mr. Pinkerton, came to them in Harrisburg, and he and some railroad officials had a long secret conference with Mr. Lincoln. The boys did not know what it was all about, but they overheard enough to know that it was suspected there was a plot to kill Mr. Lincoln as the train went through Baltimore. Whatever it was, it made everybody very solemn. Mr. Lincoln told Mrs. Lincoln he didn't believe a word of it, but the detectives were firm in insisting that he should change his plan. So he left the special train at Harrisburg, and he and Mr. Pinkerton, and a big Illinois lawyer, Ward Hill Lamon, of Danville, went alone with Mr. Lincoln on another train, and the rest of the party continued on their way to Washington. They were all glad when they got there, and the long and exciting but weary trip was done.

CHAPTER XIX

THE INAUGURATION

IT IS a long time from the first Tuesday in November in one year till the fourth day of March in the next, and that is the length of time a newly elected president must wait before he can begin the duties of his office. It seemed to the Lincoln family not four months but four years. Sometimes it seemed more like ten years, for the strain had been upon them ever since the nomination in May of 1860. The family had not had one restful day since then. The period had been very full and interesting, but now that it was over and they found themselves at Willard's Hotel in Washington, they all felt tired.

They had not much chance to rest. People were calling and delegations were arriving and making speeches. There was a Peace Conference in session, and the Lincoln boys had opportunity to see another real live ex-president, John Tyler, who was presiding over that convention,

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and who called to present some resolutions to Mr. Lincoln. He did not look quite so friendly as President Fillmore had looked.

Seven states had seceded. They were South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Texas, Florida and Louisiana. A little later North Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas and Virginia seceded, and no one knew what would happen in Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri. There was much discussion whether these seceded states would come back if they were asked politely to do so, and what ought to be done if they did not choose to return. Many good people were saying that the thing to do was to "let the erring sisters depart in peace." In the carpetbag which Bob had lost at Harrisburg was Mr. Lincoln's Inaugural Address, and this was what he intended to say, and a little later did say, on that matter:

"I hold that, in contemplation of universal law and of the Constitution, the Union of these states is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all national governments. It is safe to assert that no government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. . . . Again, if the

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United States be not a government proper, but an association of States in the nature of contract merely, can it, as a contract, be peaceably unmade by less than all the parties who made it? One party to a contract may violate it—break it, so to speak; but does it not require all to lawfully rescind it? . . . It follows from these views that no state, upon its own mere motion, can lawfully get out of the Union; that resolves and ordinances to that effect are legally void; and that acts of violence, within any state or states, against the authority of the United States, are insurrectionary or revolutionary, according to circumstances.”

The Lincoln boys did not understand just what it all meant; but this they knew, that if the people of any state, north or south, thought their father a hard or cruel man, and some people said he was, they were mistaken.

Meantime, the people were filling the corridors of the Willard from before breakfast till after midnight, craning their necks to see the new President-elect, for Old Abe Lincoln had come out of the Wilderness, down in Illinois, and there was much curiosity to see what he looked like, and what Mrs. Lincoln looked like, and what the

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boys were like. And there was much curiosity to know whether Mr. Lincoln intended to let the seceded states go or not. A large number of men called on Mr. Lincoln to learn, if they could, what he intended to do, and some of them called to tell him what they thought he ought to do. And Mr. Lincoln listened to them all, and now and then made a little change in the address which he had in his carpetbag. But for the most part he let it stand as it was.

Not all Mr. Lincoln's visitors in those first days in Washington were politicians. A number of men in political life brought with them a son or daughter when they came to call. Mr. Lincoln was always interested when these young people came to see him. Sometimes he showed so much more interest in talking to them than in discussing political appointments, that other people were sorry the children had come.

Lincoln liked boys, and all the boys in Springfield knew him and counted him a friend. He seemed to have a special fondness for little girls, and while he is not known to have spoken often of his sorrow in having no little girls of his own, he was not slow in showing his affection for those whom he came to know. Congressman Henry L. Dawes, from western Massachusetts,

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who had been in Congress since 1857 and who some years later succeeded Charles Sumner as senator from Massachusetts, had a daughter Anna, ten years old. She went with her father when he called on Mr. Lincoln at the Willard Hotel. Mr. Lincoln was all the gladder to see her father on her account, and he caught up the little maiden and kissed her.

Little Julia Taft met the Lincolns at the hotel and Mr. Lincoln asked her to come often to the White House, which she did. The President liked her greatly, and often caught her up and tossed her almost through the ceiling. It was quite terrifying, he was so tall; but it was a very pleasant kind of terror, which little girls liked. He called her "Jooley" and she held him in reverent affection.

The morning of the fourth of March, that had been so long in coming, at last came, just when it seemed it had been so long on the way that everybody must have given it up. It came. And on that morning the Lincoln boys saw their third ex-president, though he was not quite that yet, for he still was president, and would be for one hour. James Buchanan, President of the United States, drove over to the Willard Hotel in an open barouche. He was a rather stiff and

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slightly fat old bachelor, who wore a tall hat not very new and a cutaway coat not of the latest style, and he wore an immense white cravat that looked like a poultice.

The Lincoln boys could see all this from their rooms just above the Pennsylvania Avenue entrance of the hotel. They saw him get out of the carriage, and saw him soon as he entered the Lincoln apartments. He greeted Mr. Lincoln with formal courtesy, bade Mrs. Lincoln a civil good morning, but did not notice the boys. He was an old bachelor, who never had any boys of his own. The two men walked down one flight of stairs and entered the *barouche* and drove away in the procession down that ramshackle street, Pennsylvania Avenue, which was intended to be the grandest street in America and was not a bit better than Adams Street in Springfield, Illinois.

There were soldiers everywhere. General Scott had called to tell Mr. Lincoln about that. The procession was to be well guarded. There were soldiers on the roofs and soldiers riding before and behind the presidential carriage. Many people said that was a needless bit of caution and display on the part of "Old Fuss and Feathers," but General Scott thought it was wise.



Mr. Lincoln asked her to come often to the White House, which she did.

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Some people scoffed at the timidity of the new administration, but the truth was every one in authority in Washington would be relieved when that day was over.

There was a band, and it was playing, "Hail, Columbia, happy land." It had formerly been called *The President's March* but some one set words to it to win a wager or a prize, and that gave it a new title, but it was brought out in honor of presidents. Columbia was not, however, a very happy land.

The band played another piece, *Hail to the Chief*. That was in honor of President-elect Lincoln. It was a good enough piece, and the Lincoln boys heard it and liked the band. But in the intervals between the band's selections the drums beat their marching thumps, "Left, left," which the soldiers were soon to rename as "Hay-foot, straw-foot," and there was only one tune the Lincoln boys could think of when they heard the drums beat in that fashion, and that was the one that told how Old Abe Lincoln came out of the wilderness, down in Illinois. And they could join with heartiness in the chorus, for they were glad they "j'ined the Wide-Awakes, down in Illinois."

The procession moved down Pennsylvania

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Avenue with Mr. Lincoln and President Buchanan sitting side by side. President Buchanan's white poultice contrasted strikingly with the black of his rusty swallow-tailed coat. Mr. Lincoln, however, seemed to his boys to look fully the part for which he was cast. He wore a new black suit and new boots that hurt his feet before the day was over, and a shiny new tall hat that took the place of the battered old one that he had worn so long in Springfield. The one before that he had worn so many years, and Mrs. Lincoln had so often commanded him to buy a new one that at last she bought one herself, and had it charged to him. It cost five dollars, and that was a good many years ago. Mr. Lincoln liked to wear a tall hat, but he did not always keep it well brushed, and he wore a long frock coat, but that, too, he sometimes neglected.

However, on this day his whole outfit was new. His coat was undeniably new, any one could tell that; and no one knew so well as he that his boots were new. His tall hat shone like a mirror. He carried a new and very large gold-headed cane. People had been presenting him with canes. A number of delegations brought them to him in Springfield. Some of the gold-headed canes were only gold plated, but the one

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he carried was solid gold, or so it was said to be, and the stick was of ebony.

When they got to the Capitol, and reached the platform where Lincoln was to take his oath of office, he looked around uncomfortably for a place to put his hat and cane. He found a corner where he could stand his new cane against a railing, but what to do with the hat was still a problem. Just then stepped forward his old friend and rival, Stephen A. Douglas, and held the brand-new shiny presidential hat till the ceremony was over.

Once, while they were in the series of debates in 1858, Douglas had been speaking and Lincoln was to follow, and the day was hot. Lincoln as he stepped forward took off his coat, and handing it to a friend said, "You hold this while I stone Stephen." But on March 4, 1861, it was Stephen who held the apparel of his successful rival.

Chief Justice Taney, a little, thin, dried up old man, who had written the "Dred Scott Decision" that Lincoln and Douglas had argued much about, stood in his black robes, a funereal figure, and in a weak voice that could not be heard, administered the oath of office.

Then, in a rather high voice, but one which

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carried well, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, delivered his Inaugural Address.

He had worked long and hard over that address. He thought about it long before he wrote a word. It was hard to find a place where he could write. Neither his home nor his office nor the room the Governor kindly lent him in the State House offered him any seclusion. Across the street from the State House was a building owned by his brother-in-law, C. M. Smith, who occupied the lower floor as a store. At the back of the second floor was a dingy vacant room with a large desk in it. Lincoln asked his partner, Herndon, to send him there a copy of the Constitution of the United States, Jackson's Proclamation against Nullification, Daniel Webster's reply to Senator Hayne and Henry Clay's speech on the Compromise of 1850. There he had worked for several hours a day during the greater part of February and composed his speech. He had a few copies printed in pica type at the *Journal* office, and loaned one to Orville H. Browning and another to William H. Seward, and perhaps one or two to others. He had considered their suggestions, and he read a very carefully prepared and kindly spirited address which ended with this plea:

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“My countrymen, one and all, think calmly and well upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time. If there be an object to hurry any of you in hot haste to a step which you would never take deliberately, that object will be frustrated by taking time; but no good object can be frustrated by it. Such of you as are now dissatisfied, still have the old Constitution unimpaired, and, on the sensitive point, the laws of your own framing under it; while the new administration will have no immediate power, if it would, to change either. If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in the dispute, there still is no single good reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust, in the best way, all our present difficulty.

“In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you.

“You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the Government: while I shall have the most solemn one to ‘preserve, protect, and defend’ it.

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“I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection.

“The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.”

CHAPTER XX

THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR

IT WAS all over, the Inauguration and everything that went with it. The bands stopped playing, the processions stopped marching, the banners were taken down or left to whip out and fade out in the rain and wind. Even the Inauguration Ball was over, and Mr. Lincoln's hands were no longer pinched by big white gloves nor his feet made uncomfortable by tight new boots. It was all over, even the shouting. And the country waited to see what would happen next.

President Lincoln had to select his Cabinet. He chose its principal members from his most prominent opponents. William H. Seward was his secretary of state, Simon Cameron was secretary of war, Gideon Welles became secretary of navy, Edward Bates was attorney general, and Montgomery Blair was postmaster general. Of these men, Seward, Chase, Cameron and Bates had been his opponents, and every one of them believed himself, and was believed by others, to

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be a greater man than Lincoln. It was a courageous thing for Lincoln to do, selecting ambitious men as his associates. But they were men of ability, and while they caused him no little sorrow and anxiety, in the main they served the country well.

Richmond, Virginia, was as busy as Washington. Jefferson Davis was president there, president of the new government called the Confederate States, asking to be allowed to go out of the Union and make a new nation of their own. Abraham Lincoln had said in his Inaugural Address that no state had the right to go out of the Union without the consent of all the other states; that as each state had become a state in the very act of entering the Union and had entered by a joint agreement with the other states, no state could get up and walk out just when it pleased. Jefferson Davis did not agree with him.

Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis were both born in Kentucky, not very far apart. The Davis family moved to Mississippi, and the Lincoln family to Illinois. Then Abraham Lincoln moved to Washington and Jefferson Davis to Richmond, and each waited for the other to do something.

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At first, both governments waited in hope that there might be no bloodshed. Then on April twelfth the Confederate forces in Charleston Harbor, South Carolina, opened fire on Fort Sumter, the United States fortress in Charleston Harbor. After thirty-four hours the fort surrendered. On the nineteenth of April, a Massachusetts regiment passing through Baltimore was attacked by a mob and several men were killed and wounded. War had begun.

President Lincoln immediately called for seventy-five thousand volunteers on a three months' enlistment, to put down the rebellion. The response was immediate and hearty. Very few people, North or South, expected the war to last long, but it was four long years before it was over.

The first really important battle was that at Manassas or Bull Run. The Union Army had started toward Richmond and met the Confederates in force at a stream called Bull Run. The Union soldiers were defeated and fled toward Washington, many of them not stopping until they were across the Long Bridge and within the city.

Both sides now saw that the war was far more serious than either had imagined at the begin-

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ning. The North learned that what it had to do was to fight a brave people, Americans, and the struggle would be long and hard. The South, which had believed a short and vigorous display of force would enable the seceded states to step out unopposed, discovered that its task was a much more difficult one than it had anticipated.

The Confederates chose as their commander-in-chief a brave general, Robert E. Lee. The North had no one general that stood out so prominently as General Lee did in the South. General Scott was an old and feeble man. He was succeeded before very long by General George B. McClellan. He was a good engineer and an able organizer but not a vigorous fighter. Lincoln suffered much by reason of McClellan's delays and his scornful attitude toward the President and others. For a long time the war in the East went mostly in favor of the South. In the West it was not wholly so. General U. S. Grant, aided by a fleet of gunboats under Commodore A. H. Foote, captured Fort Henry on the Tennessee River and Fort Donelson on the Cumberland. This was early in 1862. Very soon General George H. Thomas won a victory at Mill Springs in Kentucky. This compelled the Confederates to move out of that state. On

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April 6 and 7, 1862, General Grant, assisted by General Buell, fought another battle at Shiloh on the Tennessee River. In the first day's fight he was defeated, but on the second day he was successful. Shiloh was up to that time the largest victory which had been won by the Union soldiers. The gunboats of Commodore Foote pushed farther down the Mississippi River and captured Island Number Ten.

Thus in the West matters went somewhat better.

Early in the war there was trouble with Great Britain on account of the number of ships fitted out in that country to aid the Confederate forces. On November 8, 1861, Captain Charles Wilkes, commanding the United States Steamer *San Jacinto*, halted the Royal British mail steamship *Trent* and removed from her James M. Mason and John Slidell, envoys of the Confederate Government on their way to England and France. Great Britain threatened to go to war with the United States on account of this act, and it was indeed an unlawful act. On the advice of Lincoln these two men were released.

In the spring of 1862, March eighth, a Confederate iron-clad which had been called the *Merrimac*, but whose name had been changed to

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Virginia, attacked three wooden frigates of the United States in Chesapeake Bay. Two of them, the *Cumberland* and the *Congress* were destroyed. The third, the *Minnesota*, ran aground. It seemed as though this terrible Leviathan would sink the whole wooden navy belonging to the United States and steam up to Washington and bombard that city. The next morning when the *Merrimac* started out again she encountered a surprising looking craft which had been called in derision, "A Yankee cheese box on a raft." It was a new type of ship called the *Monitor*. It mounted two guns in a revolving turret that could be pointed in any desired direction.

The two iron ships fought side by side, iron rasping against iron, but the little David with its smooth stones, weighing one hundred and twenty-eight pounds each, smote the Goliath *Merrimac* such heavy blows that the big iron-clad retreated and never fought again.

CHAPTER XXI

INSIDE THE WHITE HOUSE

IF YOU had asked the Lincoln boys what was the best thing about the day of the Inaugural, they would have said it was that when the ceremony was over, Miss Harriet Lane, Mr. Buchanan's niece and housekeeper, had dinner all ready for them. She did not stay to eat any of it herself, nor did Mr. Buchanan return to the White House after the ceremony. He bade Mr. Lincoln a courteous but formal farewell, and left him at the Capitol. That is the custom. The retiring President accompanies the incoming President to the Capitol, remains with him till the close of the Inaugural Service, and departs quietly, not staying to divide honors with the new official.

Old Edward, the colored doorkeeper, who had welcomed a number of presidents, greeted the Lincoln family on the threshold. Before night the boys had explored every room from top to bottom, had become acquainted with all the

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servants, and had seen the stables and green-houses besides.

The White House had never had another such a family as the Lincolns. Most of the children, if earlier presidents had any, were grown. Mr. Buchanan, Lincoln's immediate predecessor, was a bachelor. It was a new thing in Washington for the White House to be occupied by noisy boys, who slammed doors, and now and then broke into conferences with the news that dinner was ready and mother was getting impatient.

The Lincoln boys soon were sharing in all that went on around them. They had many friends, and had great adventures. When soldiers came to Washington, and camped about the White House, the boys made friends of the soldiers. Many of the soldiers were mere lads, and some of them, drummer boys especially, were very young. One lad named Hendershot was scarcely older than the two Lincoln boys, and was often at the White House table. He died in 1926, a broken, tottering old man, but he could beat his drum almost to the last, and he was proud to the day of his death of some letters that he had from Lincoln, and his memories of the many days when he played with Willie and Tad on the White House lawn. Even after he



The White House had never had another such family as the Lincolns.

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had become an old man, he was still "the drummer-boy of the Rappahannock." He claimed to have been less than eleven years old when he enlisted, and to have been the youngest soldier in the service during the Civil War. But there were others almost as young, and several of them were playmates of the Lincoln boys.

They had sorrow, too. At the very outset of the war, Colonel Elmer Ellsworth was shot. He was like an older brother to the Lincoln boys. He was their hero. His funeral was held from the White House itself. Twice in the early months was the White House draped in mourning, once for Elmer Ellsworth and the other time for Stephen A. Douglas. The Lincoln boys knew them both. These deaths brought the sorrows of that solemn time very close home to the Lincoln household.

There were receptions and other public functions at the White House, and it seemed as if every one of them, however carefully planned as a pleasant occasion, was sure to occur just after some sad event. These were wearisome affairs to Mr. Lincoln, but he was happy if in any one of them he found opportunity to be kind to some one, especially to some boy or girl. A newspaper of the time told this story:

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“At the reception Saturday afternoon, at the President’s house, many persons noticed three little girls, poorly dressed, the children of some mechanic or laboring man, who had followed the visitors into the White House to gratify their curiosity. They passed around from room to room, and were hastening through the reception room, with some trepidation, when the President called to them: ‘Little girls, are you going to pass me without shaking hands?’ Then he bent his tall, awkward form down, and shook each little girl warmly by the hand. Everybody in the apartment was spellbound by the incident, so simple in itself.”

The life of Mr. Lincoln as president was simple but involved a constant strain. He was a light eater and not a very sound sleeper. He worked long hours, and saw many people daily. He was an early riser, and he thus was able to devote two or three hours each morning to his voluminous private correspondence, besides glancing at a city paper. At nine he breakfasted—then would walk over to the War Office, to read over such war telegrams as they gave him, and to have a chat with General Halleck on the military situation. Returning to

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the White House, he went through with his morning's mail, in company with one of his private secretaries, who would make a minute of the reply which he was to make to some of them, while the President retained others that he might answer them himself. Every letter received attention, and all that were entitled to a reply received one, no matter how they were worded, or how inelegant the chirography might be.

Tuesdays and Fridays were Cabinet days, but on other days visitors at the White House were requested to wait in the antechamber and send in their cards. Before the President had finished reading his mail, a servant would have a handful of pasteboard, and from the cards laid before him Mr. Lincoln would direct visitors to be ushered in, giving precedence to acquaintances. For three or four hours would they pour in, in rapid succession, nine out of ten asking offices, and patiently did the President listen to their application. Care and anxiety furrowed his homely features, yet occasionally he would be reminded of an anecdote, and good-humored glances would beam from his gray eyes, while his ringing laugh showed that he was not too sad to enjoy a joke.

About four o'clock the President would de-

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cline to see any more company, and, often accompanied Mrs. Lincoln in her carriage, would take a drive. He was fond of horseback exercise, and when spending his summers three miles out at the Soldiers' Home, generally went back and forth to the White House in the saddle. The President dined at six, and it was rare that some personal friends did not grace the round dining-table where he threw off the cares of office, and reminded those who had been in Kentucky of the old-school gentlemen who used to dispense generous hospitality there. From the dinner table the party would retire to the crimson drawing-room, where coffee was served, and where the President passed the evening, unless some dignitary had a special interview, or some unfortunate relation came to plead for a pardon or a special kindness.

The Lincoln boys made friends of all kinds of people, servants and soldiers and senators. They made their demands on the War Department and various other offices and were usually given what they asked for. If not, they had little difficulty in getting an official request. Thus Tad bore a note to the Secretary of the Navy:

"Let Master Tad have a Navy sword.

"A. LINCOLN."

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The Honorable Gideon Welles was probably glad to see that the requisition was honored. Tad got the sword. Other departments were similarly drawn upon:

“Honorable Secretary of War:

“Tad wants some flags—Can he be accommodated?

“A. LINCOLN.”

It is scarcely possible that Honorable Edwin M. Stanton refused to accommodate him.

It was usually Tad who wanted things. He sometimes wanted more than he could pay for:

“Executive Mansion

“Washington, Oct. 6th, 1864.

“Dear Lampert:

“I send Thomas Cross to see you about the Carriage Bill. It was sent to me and I ant got any money to pay the man with.

“And Oblidge

“Thomas Lincoln

“Your friend,

“TAD.”

Some people gave the boys things without

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being asked. The President wrote to one generous donor:

“Executive Mansion

“April 2, 1862.

“My Dear Sir:

“Allow me to thank you in behalf of my little son for your present of White Rabbits. He is very much pleased with them.

“Yours truly,

“ABRAHAM LINCOLN.”

Usually President Lincoln enjoyed reasonably good health, but once during his occupancy of the White House he was sick. He really had a mild attack of smallpox, contracted from the war hospitals. The physicians called it varioloid, and he was not quarantined. Office-seekers who pestered him night and day were not all kept away even by fear of the smallpox:

“Come in,” said Lincoln cheerfully, when they called. “I have something now I can give to everybody!”

With such a family, the White House was never a very dull place. One morning a commission went to the White House to talk over with the President the condition of the country. He talked with them, but had a good laugh first.

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He said the White House was in a state of feverish excitement that day. One of his boys had just run in to tell him that the cat had kittens and the other arrived a moment later to inform him that the dog had puppies.

Whatever laughter the President got in those days he needed. There were days enough when he did not laugh.

Mr. Lincoln had friends in many walks of life. One whom he held in high regard was P. T. Barnum, the showman. Mr. Barnum had always been a Democrat, but voted for Lincoln, and became a warm supporter of his. During the war he was more than once in Washington, and the Lincoln family attended his show. Moreover, he and Barnum had several pleasant visits.

About that time Mr. Barnum had in his show a very noted dwarf, whom he called General Tom Thumb. This little midget was twenty-one years old in 1861, but was much smaller than Tad Lincoln, the youngest of Mr. Lincoln's boys.

The next year, 1862, Mr. Barnum secured another dwarf, a little younger. His name was Washington Morrison Nutt, and Barnum called him "Commodore Nutt." Barnum dressed

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one of these little men in army and the other in navy uniform. Two tiny sisters were secured, and the most interesting quartet of dwarfs ever assembled toured the country.

Soon after he had acquired Commodore Nutt, Barnum took him to Washington, and he visited not only Lincoln but the Cabinet. He was a bright little fellow. Addressing Secretary Chase, he said, "I suppose you are the gentleman who is spending so much of Uncle Sam's money?"

"No," interrupted the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton. "He makes the money and I spend it."

"Well, I guess it is spent in a good cause," said the little commodore.

This pleased the President, who was hearing few enough prophecies of success and few enough words of approval. The tall President reached down almost to the floor to take the hand of the little man, and said:

"Commodore, permit me to give you this parting word of advice. If you find yourself in danger of being taken prisoner, you can step off your flag-ship and wade ashore."

The little man looked up at the President's long legs, and said:

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"I guess, Mr. President, you could do that better than I."

Lincoln was then finding it hard to get competent military leaders. There were men enough who wanted to be generals, but very few who were capable, and the army was suffering. Lincoln and Barnum were talking about General Tom Thumb:

"You will have to admit, Mr. President," said Barnum, "that I have the very smallest general in the whole army."

"I'm not sure of that," said Lincoln. "Just wait till you see some of mine."

Death that was busy all over the land did not spare the White House. Little William Lincoln, who was ten years old when the family went to Washington to live, died after the family had been in the White House little more than a year. His death, February 20, 1862, went to the very heart of the President, who dearly loved his boys. Robert was grown up and in college. There was but one of the Lincoln boys left in the White House, and that was little Thomas, or Tad. He was a lad of very sweet spirit. He had an impediment in his speech, and it seemed to render him even more childlike and lovable. He was with his father much of the time. In the

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evenings he would enter the room where his father was in conference, and wait for his father till his eyes grew heavy and he went off to sleep. Then Mr. Lincoln would pick him up, carry him off to bed, and after a while return to the men with whom he had been discussing important affairs.

After the death of Willie, the affection of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln centered around Tad. He had no liking for books. "Never mind," said Lincoln, "he will have years enough in which to learn to read and grow stupid." Some one gave Tad a set of tools, and he left the marks of his saw and chisel in many places in the White House.

Tad went with his father on some of the many occasions when the President sat for his portrait, and on one occasion the photographer, Mr. Brady, made a picture of Mr. Lincoln and Tad. It grew very popular, and many thousands of people came to know something about Mr. Lincoln's love of boys through their knowledge of his affection for Tad.

Tad had a pony, while he was in the White House, and he also had goats. When Mrs. Lincoln visited in New York and in Philadelphia, the President was accustomed to telegraph to her



He was very much amused at the wonderful feats the elephant could perform.

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every day, and sometimes more than once. These telegrams, in his own handwriting, are still preserved, and they were lent by their present owner to the author of this book. Mr. Lincoln often sent little messages to Tad, who was with his mother. One day he telegraphed, "All well, including Tad's pony and the goats." Another day he wired, "Tell Tad the goats and father are very well, especially the goats." Alas, Tad's pets were lost in a fire which, on February 10, 1864, destroyed the White House stables.

Tad was on especially intimate terms with the Pennsylvania Company, commanded by Captain C. M. Derrickson, that guarded the White House, and in summer the Soldiers' Home. Tad now and then brought his father in among the soldiers to see some of their performances. Captain Derrickson remembered some of the pranks that pleased the President:

"While we were in camp at the Soldiers' Home in the fall of 1862, the boys indulged in various kinds of amusement. I think it was the Kelper boys who introduced the trained elephant. Two men of about the same size, both in a stooped position, were placed one ahead of the other. An army blanket was then thrown over

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them so that it came about to their knees, and a trunk, improvised by wrapping a piece of a blanket around a small elastic piece of wood, was placed in the hands of the front man. Here you have your elephant. Ours was taught to get down on his knees, stand on one leg, and do various other tricks. While the elephant was going through his exercises one evening, the President strolled into camp. He was very much amused at the wonderful feats the elephant could perform, and a few evenings after he called again and brought a friend with him, and asked the captain if he would not have the elephant brought out again, as he would like to have his friend see him perform. Of course it was done, to the great amusement of both the President and his friend."

Always at holidays, President Lincoln saw to it that the soldiers of this company were provided with a turkey dinner.

CHAPTER XXII

THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM

BUT what was the war about? Was it just to decide whether the Ohio River or the Gulf of Mexico was the southern boundary of the United States? Or was it to make the nation free? Some people said one thing and some another.

Perhaps the most widely read newspaper in the United States was the New York *Tribune*. Horace Greeley, its editor, was a man of large ability, and of much force of character. He was often a help to the President but at other times was a very severe critic. The *Tribune* of August 10, 1862, carried an open letter to the President called, *The Prayer of Twenty Millions*. It began:

“To Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States:

“Dear Sir:—I do not intrude to tell you—for you must know already—that a great proportion

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of those who triumphed in your election, and of all who desire the unqualified suppression of the rebellion now desolating our country, are sorely disappointed and deeply pained by the policy you seem to be pursuing with regard to the slaves of the rebels. I write only to set succinctly and unmistakably before you what we require, what we think we have a right to expect, and of what we complain.

“I. We require of you, as the first servant of the Republic, charged especially and preeminently with this duty, that you EXECUTE THE LAWS. Most emphatically do we demand that such laws as have been recently enacted, which therefore may fairly be presumed to embody the present will and to be dedicated by the present needs of the Republic, and which, after due consideration, have received your personal sanction, shall by you be carried into full effect, and that you publicly and decisively instruct your subordinates that such laws exist, that they are binding on all functionaries and citizens, and that they are to be obeyed to the letter.

“II. We think you are strangely and disastrously remiss in the discharge of your official and imperative duty with regard to the emancipation provisions of the new Confiscation Act.

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Those provisions were designed to fight slavery with liberty. They prescribe that men loyal to the Union, and willing to shed their blood in her behalf, shall no longer be held, with the nation's consent, in bondage to persistent, malignant traitors, who for twenty years have been plotting, and for sixteen months have been fighting to divide and destroy our country. Why these traitors should be treated with tenderness by you, to the prejudices of the dearest rights of loyal men, we can not conceive."

He demanded in no gentle terms that the President should tell the country just what he thought he was fighting for, and what he intended to do. Lincoln answered this letter, which was published throughout the country:

"Executive Mansion, Washington,
"August 22, 1862.

"Honorable Horace Greeley:

"Dear Sir—I have just read yours of the nineteenth instant, addressed to myself through the New York *Tribune*.

"If there be in it any statements or assumptions of fact which I may know to be erroneous, I do not now and here controvert them.

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“If there be any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not now and here argue against them.

“If there be perceptible in it an impatient dictatorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend whose heart I have always supposed to be right.

“As to the policy I ‘seem to be pursuing,’ as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt. I would save the Union. I would save it in the shortest way under the Constitution.

“The sooner the national authority can be restored the nearer the Union will be—the Union as it was.

“If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them.

“If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them.

“MY PARAMOUNT OBJECT IS TO SAVE THE UNION, AND NOT EITHER TO SAVE OR DESTROY SLAVERY.

“If I could save the Union without freeing any slaves, I would do it—if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it—and if I

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could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that.

“What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save this Union, and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help save the Union.

“I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I believe doing more will help the cause.

“I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views.

“I have here stated my purpose according to my official duty and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free.

“Yours,

“A. LINCOLN.”

The Army of the Potomac, of which General McClellan was commander-in-chief, had made little progress in its march toward Richmond. In the fall of 1862 General Lee crossed over into Maryland. He captured Harper's Ferry and was moving north as rapidly as possible. On September seventeenth, the army of McClellan

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overtook that of General Lee and a battle was fought at Antietam in Maryland. It was the first Union victory of importance in the East, and the army of General Lee was driven back into Virginia.

This victory gave President Lincoln opportunity to do what he had long desired to do, but had felt he must not undertake until there had been a substantial victory. He had purposely called his Cabinet together and submitted to them a proclamation giving freedom to all the slaves in the states that were in rebellion against the Federal government. Some of the Cabinet did not believe in such a proclamation. Others approved but did not think the time favorable. On September twenty-second, Lincoln called a special Cabinet meeting and read the proclamation again. He told his Cabinet he would be glad to have their criticisms concerning any minor changes that would improve the proclamation, but on the main question he did not ask their advice. He had promised his God that if General Lee was driven out of Maryland he would free the slaves. So he signed the Emancipation Proclamation declaring that on and after January 1, 1863, all slaves in the states at that time in rebellion should be no longer slaves but free



President Lincoln reviewing his troops.

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men. This was one of the most notable papers ever signed by the head of a great nation and is one of the most important reasons why the world honors Abraham Lincoln.

Concerning the giving of liberty to all mankind, Lincoln said in his message to Congress:

“Fellow citizens, we can not escape history. We of this Congress and this Administration will be remembered in spite of ourselves. No personal significance or insignificance can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down, in honor or dishonor, to the latest generation. We say we are for the Union. The world will not forget that we say this. We know how to save the Union. The world knows we do know how to save it. We—even we here—hold the power and bear the responsibility. In giving freedom to the slave, we assure freedom to the free—honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve. We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last, best hope of earth. Other means may succeed; this could not fail. The way is plain, peaceful, generous, just—a way which, if followed, the world will forever applaud, and God must forever bless.”

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The Emancipation Proclamation, issued in September, was to go into effect January 1, 1863. It was really not so much a proclamation of emancipation as a promise and a warning that if the war did not end by that date, the president would issue another proclamation freeing the slaves on New Year's Day. The country had lost so many battles since September, and the President had been so severely criticized for what he had done, many people believed that he would find some excuse for not doing on January first what he had said he would do. Some of Mr. Lincoln's best friends were really very anxious lest, in his good nature, and for fear of offending the border states, he should postpone the final proclamation and not issue it at all. Hundreds of men called or wrote requesting him not to issue the final paper, and others as earnestly besought him to stand firm. They might all have saved their labor; Mr. Lincoln had no intention of changing his plan.

Late in December, 1862, Reverend Byron Sunderland, Chaplain of the Senate, and Mr. Z. S. Robbins, a friend of President Lincoln, called. Doctor Sunderland had not met the President. He told thus of the interview:

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"We were ushered into the Cabinet room. It was very dim, but one gas-jet burning. As we entered, Mr. Lincoln was standing at the farther end of the long table which filled the middle of the room. As I stood by the door, I am so very short that I was obliged to look up to see the President. Mr. Robbins introduced me and I began at once by saying: 'I have come, Mr. President, to anticipate the New Year with my respects, and if I may, to say to you a word about the serious condition of this country.'

" 'Go ahead, Doctor,' replied the President: 'every little helps.'

"But I was too much in earnest to laugh at his sally at my smallness.

" 'Mr. President,' I continued, 'they say that you are not going to keep your promise to give us the Emancipation Proclamation: that it is your intention to withdraw it.'

" 'Well, Doctor,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'you know Peter was going to do it, but when the time came he didn't.'

" 'Mr. President,' I continued, 'I have been studying Peter. He did not deny his Master until after his Master rebuked him in the presence of the enemy. You have a master, too, Mr. Lincoln, the American people. Don't deny

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your master until he has rebuked you before all the world.'

"My earnestness seemed to interest the President, and his whole tone changed immediately. 'Sit down, Doctor Sunderland,' he said: 'let us talk.'

"We seated ourselves in the room, and for a moment the President was silent, his elbow resting on the table, his big gnarled hands closed over his forehead. Then looking up gravely at me, he began to speak:

" 'Doctor, if it had been left to you and me, there would have been no war. If it had been left to you and me, there would have been no cause for this war: but it was not left to us. God has allowed men to make slaves of their fellows. He permits this war. He has before Him a strange spectacle. We, on our side, are praying Him to give us victory, because we believe we are right: but those on the other side pray Him, too, for victory, believing they are right. What must He think of us? And what is coming from the struggle? What will be the effect of it all on the whites and on the negroes?' And then suddenly a ripple of amusement broke the solemn tone of his voice. 'As for the negroes, Doctor, and what is going to become of them: I told

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Ben Wade the other day, that it made me think of a story I read in one of my first books, *Æsop's Fables*. It was an old edition, and had curious rough wood-cuts, one of which showed four white men scrubbing a negro in a potash kettle filled with cold water. The text explained that the men thought that by scrubbing the negro they might make him white. Just about the time they thought they were succeeding, he took cold and died. Now, I am afraid that by the time we get through this war the negro will catch cold and die.'

"The laugh had hardly died away before he resumed his grave tones, and for half an hour he discussed the question of emancipation. He stated it in every light, putting his points so clearly that each statement was an argument. He showed the fullest appreciation on every side. It was like a talk of one of the old prophets. And though he did not tell me at the end whether the proclamation would be issued or not, I went home comforted and uplifted, and I believed in Abraham Lincoln from that day."

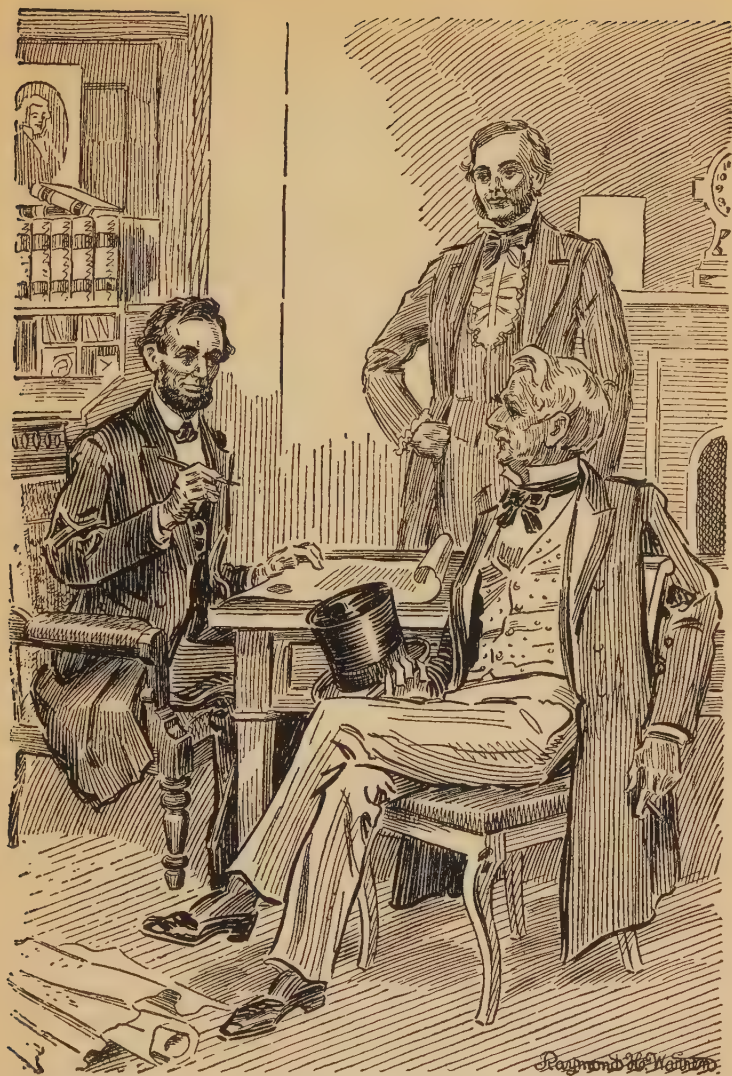
On December thirtieth, Mr. Lincoln read to his Cabinet the proclamation in the final form, and on the morning of January first, he rewrote

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it. At eleven o'clock he had to stop and attend the New Year's reception, shaking hands with several thousand people. It was the middle of the afternoon when he got back. By that time the proclamation had been properly engrossed, and was ready for him to sign. He was reading over the official copy and comparing it with his own draft when Secretary Seward, accompanied by his son who was also his assistant, dropped in for their New Year's call. Frederick Seward remembered the incident vividly:

"They found the President alone in his room," writes Frederick Seward. "The broad sheet was spread out before him on the cabinet table. Mr. Lincoln dipped his pen in the ink, and then, holding it a moment above the paper, seemed to hesitate. Looking around, he said:

" 'I never, in my life, felt more certain that I was doing right, than I do in signing this paper. But I have been receiving calls, and shaking hands since eleven o'clock this morning, till my arm is stiff and numb. Now, this signature is one that will be closely examined, and if they find my hand trembled, they will say 'he had some compunctions.' But, anyway, it is going to be done!'



"I never, in my life, felt more certain that I was doing right, than I do in signing this paper."

THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM

“So saying, he slowly and carefully wrote his name at the bottom of the proclamation.”

A few weeks after the battle of Fredericksburg, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln went to Falmouth, the Union headquarters opposite that city, in the little steamer *Carrie Martin* which was used now and then by the President for river travel, his trips down Chesapeake Bay being usually in a larger steamer, *River Queen*. As Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were driving one day in the rear of the army, they came upon a cluster of huts where a large number of colored refugees were living, seeking the protection of the army. Mrs. Lincoln noticed the large number of black children running about, and asked her husband, “How many of those pickaninnies do you suppose are named for you?”

“Let me see,” said Mr. Lincoln. “This is April, 1863; I suppose about two-thirds of the boys, two years old and under, share with me the honor of the name Abraham Lincoln!”

CHAPTER XXIII

GETTYSBURG

GENERAL McClellan did not follow up his victory at Antietam, and his army suffered defeat again and again. One general followed another in command of the Army of the Potomac, and Lincoln searched the country over in the hope of finding a leader who could bring the war to a successful close. At length in the middle of the year 1863 occurred two great and almost simultaneous victories. General U. S. Grant, who had been besieging General Pemberton's army at Vicksburg, captured that city on July third, and thus opened the Mississippi River and cut the Confederacy in twain. On the same day a three days' battle was completed at Gettysburg in western Pennsylvania. It was the only important battle fought on northern soil. General Lee had again attempted an invasion of the North, and this time got much farther than when he fought McClellan at Antietam. General

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George G. Meade fought with Lee at Gettysburg. On the first day success was with the Confederates: on the second day, the Confederates succeeded in the morning but were defeated later in the day. On the third day a brilliant charge of the Confederates met with a disastrous repulse. General Lee withdrew his defeated army south of the Potomac.

There was great rejoicing all over the North in the celebration of that fourth day of July. It seemed as though the war was now nearly ended, but it dragged on a weary time longer, and there were weeks and even months when the result seemed in doubt. One important thing occurred very soon. Lincoln had long been watching General Grant, although the two had never met. A few months later he called Grant to Washington and put him in command of all the armies of the United States. The end was still far distant, but the appointment of Grant brought the end nearer.

The Union dead on the battle-field of Gettysburg were buried in a cemetery which first belonged to those of the states having soldiers buried there, and later was transferred to the nation. It was decided to dedicate this cemetery with formal exercises. Honorable Edward

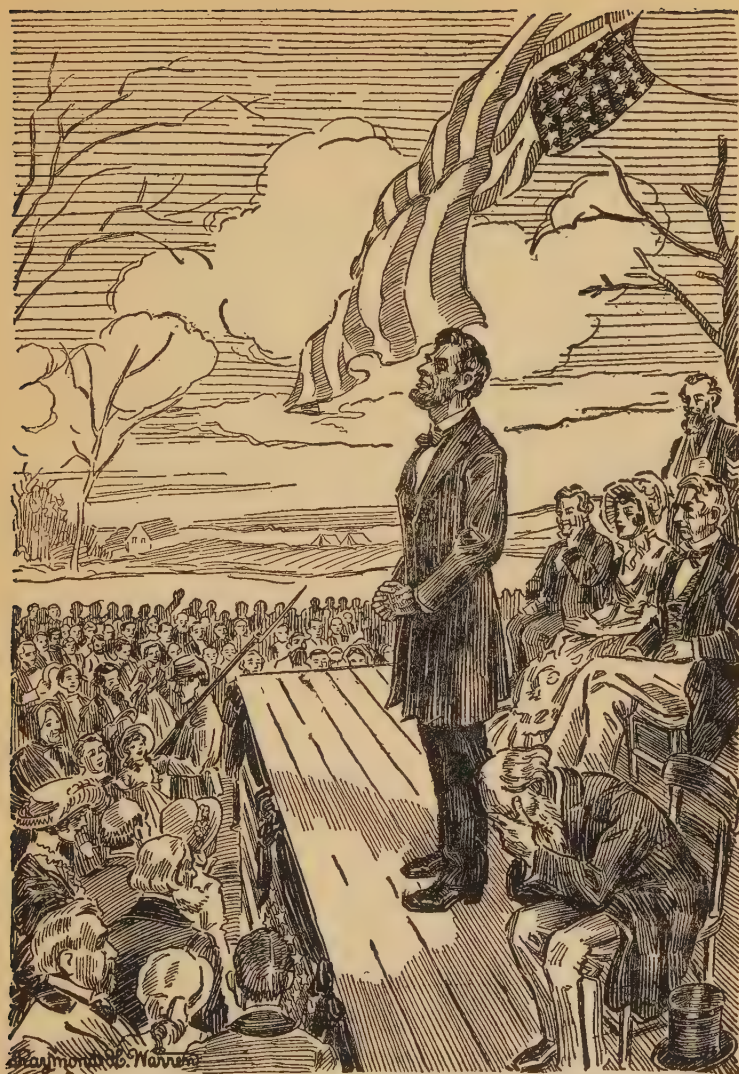
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Everett was appointed to make the principal address, and President Lincoln was asked to say a few words as an act of formal dedication. No one who heard Lincoln on that occasion supposed that he was delivering one of the masterpieces of English oratory and literature, but this it proved to be:

“Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

“Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.

“We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.



"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom."

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“It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.”

CHAPTER XXIV

THE BOYS IN BLUE

THE wars of the world are fought by young men and boys. "Old men for counsel, young men for war," is a very old adage. Those of us who now see an occasional old man proudly wearing a bronze button to indicate his membership in the Grand Army of the Republic, or who, in some southern state, meet a white-haired and possibly one-armed man who boasts that he was "one of John Morgan's horse-thieves," or that he "fought under Stonewall Jackson," or that he "charged with Pickett at Gettysburg," or that he "fought under Lee straight through to Appomattox," finds it difficult to realize that all these were boys in 1861. From time to time a paragraph goes the rounds of the newspapers telling the average ages of soldiers in the Civil War. The War Department has repeatedly written that all such figures are estimates, and that the Department has no data that could justify such

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publication. But the average age must have been low. Soldiers were supposed to be eighteen years of age or older, but many were enlisted at sixteen, and there were a few that were several years younger. It was a war between the Boys in Blue and the Boys in Gray.

No one doubted any longer what the war was about. It was not a war in which one part of the nation was to subjugate and humiliate another part. It was not a war merely to define a boundary. But it was a war to make two things plain: that this was one nation, and that this nation was to be free.

And because the Proclamation of Emancipation applied only to those states in rebellion, and being a war measure might be repealed when the war ended, President Lincoln was determined to secure an Amendment to the National Constitution, providing that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, should exist in any part of the United States. After great effort the Thirteenth Amendment was adopted. Since that time there has been no slave under the American flag.

As soon as it became plain that the war was fought for freedom as well as for union, a new spirit came into the conflict. Dark days were

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ahead, the darkest and bloodiest days of all the war. But the soldiers came singing:

“We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand strong:”

and they sang also:

“And we’ll rally round the flag, boys, we’ll rally
once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.”

There was an old camp-meeting song which the soldiers took over at the beginning of the war, and sang to its melody:

“John Brown’s body lies a-mouldering in the
grave,
But his soul goes marching on.”

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe wrote other words to it, and it became *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*.

But it was no longer easy to obtain soldiers to meet the repeated calls for troops. The recruiting offices that had once been crowded were empty, and even the much resented draft did not yield the full quota. City after city sent committees to Washington to say that they were

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being asked to supply more soldiers than could possibly be furnished. Joseph Medill, editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, was on such a committee, and years afterward he told the story of it.

“In 1864, when the call for extra troops came, Chicago revolted,” said Mr. Medill. “She had already sent twenty-two thousand men up to that time, and was drained. When the new call came, there were no young men to go—no aliens except what were bought. The citizens held a mass meeting, and appointed three persons, of whom I was one, to go to Washington and ask Stanton to give Cook County a new enrollment. I begged off; but the committee insisted, so I went. On reaching Washington, we went to Stanton with our statement. He refused entirely to give us the desired aid. Then we went to Lincoln. ‘I can not do it,’ he said, ‘but I will go with you to Stanton and hear the arguments of both sides.’ So we all went over to the War Department together. Stanton and General Frye were there, and they, of course, contended that the quota should not be changed. The argument went on for some time, and finally was referred to Lincoln, who had been sitting silently listening. I shall never forget how he suddenly

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lifted his head and turned on us a black and frowning face.

“ ‘Gentlemen,’ he said, in a voice full of bitterness, ‘after Boston, Chicago has been the chief instrument in bringing this war on the country. The Northwest has opposed the South as New England has opposed the South. It is you who are largely responsible for making blood flow as it has. You called for war until we had it. You called for Emancipation, and I have given it to you. Whatever you have asked you have had. Now you come here begging to be let off from the call for men which I have made to carry out the war you have demanded. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. I have a right to expect better things of you. Go home, and raise your six thousand extra men. And you, Medill, you are acting like a coward. You and your *Tribune* have had more influence than any paper in the Northwest in making this war. You can influence great masses, and yet you cry to be spared at a moment when your cause is suffering. Go home and send us those men.’

“I couldn’t say anything. It was the first time I ever was whipped, and I didn’t have an answer. We all got up and went out, and when the door closed, one of my colleagues said: ‘Well,

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gentlemen, the old man is right. We ought to be ashamed of ourselves. Let us never say anything about this, but go home and raise the men.' And we did—six thousand men—making twenty-eight thousand in the war from a city of one hundred and fifty-six thousand. But there might have been crape on every door almost in Chicago, for every family had lost a son or a husband. I lost two brothers. It was hard for the mothers."

Weighed down by heavy responsibilities, Lincoln never forgot that the war was bringing suffering to individual men and women, and that a large proportion of the soldiers were boys. Many of these got homesick and deserted and others were guilty of indiscretions and even of crimes. Some were sentenced to be shot and were pardoned by their superior officers. A few were shot for crimes of unusual atrocity. Many others were under sentence not yet executed. It was not Lincoln's official duty to examine these cases; the sentences did not require his approval. But so great was his sympathy, he reviewed many of them and in a large number of instances pardoned men who had been sentenced to die. His sympathies were especially keen in the case

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of young soldiers, and toward the sisters and daughters and wives and widows of soldiers.

“I remember one morning,” said one of the White House clerks, “his coming into my office with a distressed expression on his face and saying to Major Eckert, ‘Eckert, who is that woman crying out in the hall? What is the matter with her?’ Eckert said he did not know, but would go and find out. He came back soon, and said that it was a woman who had come a long distance expecting to go down to the army and see her husband, that she had some very important matters to consult him about. An order had gone out a short time before to allow no women in the army, except in special cases. She was bitterly disappointed, and was crying over it. Mr. Lincoln sat moodily for a moment after hearing this story, and suddenly looking up, said, ‘Let’s send her down. You write the order, Major.’ Major Eckert hesitated a moment, and said, ‘Would it not be better for Colonel Hardie to write the order?’ ‘Yes,’ said Mr. Lincoln, ‘that is better; let Hardie write it.’ The Major went out, and soon returned, saying, ‘Mr. President, would it not be better in this case to let the woman’s husband come to Washington?’ Mr.

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Lincoln's face lighted up with pleasure. 'Yes, yes,' he said; 'let's bring him up.' The order was written, and the woman was told that her husband would come to Washington. This done, her sorrows seemed lifted from Mr. Lincoln's heart, and he sat down to his yellow tissue telegrams with a serene face."

An instance which has become famous came to his attention just before the November election in 1864. It was represented to President Lincoln that a widow, Mrs. Bixby, living in Boston, had given five sons to the Union Army, and that all of them had been killed. Governor John A. Andrew, of Massachusetts, brought this to the President's attention, and Lincoln decided to write a letter of sympathy to this sorrowing mother. He did not write and publish it before the election, though to have done so might have won him some votes, but shortly after the election he sat down and wrote the following letter:

"Executive Mansion,

"Washington, Nov. 21, 1864.

"To Mrs. Bixby, Boston, Mass.

"Dear Madam:

"I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-Gen-

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eral of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I can not refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

“Yours very sincerely and respectfully,
“A. LINCOLN.”

It subsequently appeared that there had been a mistake in the information furnished President Lincoln. Mrs. Bixby had indeed five sons in the Union service; only two of them had been killed. But Lincoln did not know this and it is not certain that she knew that only two of her sons were dead. At any rate it was a noble letter from a great-hearted man to a very humble woman.

Of course, the President could not meet personally every soldier and hear his story and comfort his sorrows. But he did see a good many

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first and last, and he was always interested in their welfare. At the time his meetings with individual soldiers did not seem very important, except, perhaps, to the men or boys themselves. But as years went by more and more of these incidents found their way into print. Many of them were exaggerated, and some were imaginary, but a large number are undoubtedly true.

Mr. A. W. Swan, of Albuquerque, related this story:

“In company with a gentleman, I was on the way to the War Department one day. Our way led through a small park between the White House and the War Department building. As we entered this park we noticed Mr. Lincoln just ahead of us, and meeting him a private soldier who was evidently in a violent passion, as he was swearing in a high key, cursing the Government from the President down. Mr. Lincoln paused as he met the irate soldier, and asked him what was the matter. ‘Matter enough,’ was the reply. ‘I want my money. I have been discharged here, and can’t get my pay.’ Mr. Lincoln asked if he had his papers, saying that he used to practise law in a small way and possibly could help him. My friend and I stepped behind some conven-

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ient shrubbery where we could watch the result. Mr. Lincoln took the papers from the hands of the crippled soldier, and sat down with him at the foot of a convenient tree, where he examined them carefully, and writing a line on the back told the soldier to take them to Mr. Potts, Chief Clerk of the War Department, who would doubtless attend to the matter at once. After Mr. Lincoln had left the soldier, we stepped out and asked him if he knew whom he had been talking with. 'Some ugly old fellow who pretends to be a lawyer,' was the reply. My companion asked to see the papers, and on their being handed to him, pointed to the indorsement they had received. This indorsement read: 'Mr. Potts, attend to this man's case at once and see that he gets his pay. A. L.' The initials were too familiar with men in a position to know them to be ignored. We went with the soldier, who had just returned from Libby Prison and had been given a hospital certificate for discharge, to see Mr. Potts, and before the Paymaster's office was closed for the day, he had received his discharge and check for the money due him, he in the meantime not knowing whether to be the more pleased or sorry to think he had cursed 'Abe Lincoln' to his face."

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Mr. Lincoln was so tender-hearted that his generals complained that military discipline was undermined by the number of pardons he granted to men who should have been severely punished. Secretary Stanton sometimes scolded because the President interfered when men deserved to suffer. These facts were widely known at the time. But other facts about his kindness were not known, and even now are coming to light.

On December 8, 1863, President Lincoln issued what was called the Amnesty Proclamation, offering pardon to men who had served in the Confederate Army or performed other disloyal acts, who would take an oath of allegiance to the United States. Many thousands of former Confederate soldiers took advantage of this generous offer. But there were some to whom local Federal officers refused to administer the oath. These men were mostly prisoners who wanted their freedom, and were willing to take the oath for the sake of freedom, some of them swearing, as they said, "from the teeth out." When such a prisoner had had a very bad record, the officers had a right to use discretion about permitting him to be discharged, even if he took the oath. The rejected applications for freedom

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did not of necessity come to President Lincoln for approval. If the commander of a military prison, having investigated the record of a prisoner, believed that the Confederate soldier was more eager to be free than he was determined to be loyal, it was his duty to refuse to let a man escape who was likely soon to be back in the Confederate Army. So, while many thousands of those men were set free, a number of hundred were refused their freedom.

Mr. Lincoln quietly sent for the papers relating to these prisoners. Painstakingly he went over them, one by one, and in very many cases that had been refused, he wrote with his own hand an endorsement, sometimes with a good-humored comment, "Let this man take the oath on December 8, 1863, and be discharged." Lincoln was disposed to trust these men, who probably never knew that they owed their freedom to the fact that the President, already over-burdened, worked late at night over papers that did not officially belong to him, in the hope of setting men free.

Hard as President Lincoln had been working on these "amnesty cases" before the surrender of Lee, he worked harder afterward. Having some reason to fear that men who were in jail for dis-

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loyalty might, if they remained there, come up before military courts that would not be so sympathetic as he, the President worked diligently to clear up the docket that remained. The days immediately following the surrender were extremely busy days, made more so by the business that accumulated while he was absent in Richmond. But he found time as late as the twelfth of April to examine personally some of these cases and to order a pardon wherever any reputable person recommended it. One of these, a few days before the death of Lincoln, came from the aged father of General Grant, asking for the pardon of a young man in Covington, Kentucky, and the President did not hesitate an instant. Up to the twelfth of April he wrote the endorsements in his own hand; but on the thirteenth he found time to go hastily through a few more applications, and, in order that he might work faster, he had John Hay write some slips, "Let this man take the oath of December 8, 1863, and be discharged." These the President signed and attached them to as many applications as he had time to approve on the busy thirteenth of April, the day before he was shot.

A notable instance of Lincoln's consideration for boys is shown in the matter of a vacancy that

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occurred in the Naval Academy. Mr. Lincoln had been wanting a chance to send to the Naval Academy John Todd Grimsley, the young son of Mrs. Lincoln's cousin, Lizzie Grimsley, a widow who spent much time at the White House. The opportunity came. A student was expelled from the Naval Academy on three charges: neglect of studies, insubordination, and having in his possession an obscene book. The matter came to President Lincoln for the nomination of another boy in this lad's place. Lincoln wrote to the Secretary of War that if a vacancy must occur he wanted John T. Grimsley appointed, and no one else, but notwithstanding this he hoped the boy who had been expelled might be given another chance.

President Lincoln must have had a hard time explaining to Mrs. Lincoln and to Cousin Lizzie that the vacancy which he had been waiting for had occurred, but that he had permitted it to go by without appointing Johnnie Grimsley, because he wanted to give a bad boy another chance. Cousin Lizzie Grimsley had left the White House and gone back to Springfield before the President was able to give her the good news for which she had been waiting. At length he telegraphed her from the War Department:

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“War Department

“Washington, D. C., Aug. 24, 1863

“Mrs. Elizabeth J. Grimsley,

“Springfield, Illinois.

“I mail you paper to-day appointing Johnnie to the Naval School.

“A. LINCOLN.”

Cousin Lizzie and her son Johnnie had had to wait because Abraham Lincoln wanted to give a bad boy another chance, even if in doing so he disappointed friends who were very dear to him.

It is to be hoped that some of the bad boys appreciated how much the President did for them, and how much it cost him in thought and care and criticism.

CHAPTER XXV

ONE FLAG, ONE COUNTRY FOREVER

THE Civil War ought never to have occurred. If Abraham Lincoln's advice had been taken, and the slaves had been bought from their masters by the nation and set free, the whole nation sharing the cost and no section blaming any other for a wrong that belonged to the country as a whole, there need have been no war. For that matter, if men and nations were wise, there would never need to be any war anywhere, and we ought to hope for that condition and try to bring it to pass.

And, if the Civil War had to be fought, it ought to have ended July 4, 1863. After General Pemberton had surrendered Vicksburg to General Grant, and the Confederacy was chopped in two, and General Lee withdrew from his last hopeless attempt to invade the North and marched sadly back from Gettysburg, every one ought to have known that that was the end.

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When the *Monitor* defeated the *Merrimac*, and the *Kearsarge* sunk the *Alabama*, it ought to have been plain that the ocean held no hope for the South. But men are not very wise, even when instruction is furnished at terrible cost in money and blood. The war went on for nearly two years after Vicksburg and Gettysburg. It is not easy to stop a war. It is much better not to start it. The war that should have ended in 1863 at the latest went on till 1865.

Great and terrible battles now were fought in the East under command of General Grant, and the loss of life was heavy but progress was sure. In the West also there were gains. Eastern Tennessee had been reclaimed and brilliant battles were fought at Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. General Thomas won two victories at Franklin and Nashville, Tennessee, and General Sherman fought a series of engagements that took his army through the whole length of Georgia and brought him at length to the sea. Slowly but surely the Union armies were closing in on the weakened Confederacy, but the Confederates were a proud and brave people and fought to the end.

As George Washington met the heavy responsibilities which came to him as Commander

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of the Colonial Armies and President of the United States with faith in God and with prayer, so Abraham Lincoln cherished a simple but earnest faith in a righteous God whom he sought to serve and obey. His was a simple creed but he believed it and cherished it and was loyal to it.

Meantime another presidential election was approaching. It mattered much not only to Abraham Lincoln but to the country whether he should be nominated and elected for a second term or whether some other man should be chosen in his place.

Several candidates were suggested to oppose Lincoln. One was General John C. Fremont, whom Lincoln had supported so warmly in 1856. He had become embittered, and headed a ticket put out by a convention that assembled in Cleveland and called itself the "Radical Democracy."

General Fremont's letter of acceptance was an attack upon Mr. Lincoln for unfaithfulness to the principles he was elected to defend, and upon his administration for incapacity and selfishness, and for what the General called "its disregard of constitutional rights, its violation of personal liberty and the liberty of the press, and, as a crowning shame, its abandonment of the right of asylum, dear to all free nations abroad."

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He intimated that if the Republican Convention would nominate any one but Mr. Lincoln he would not stand in the way of a union of all upon that nominee; but said, "If Mr. Lincoln be renominated, as I believe it would be fatal to the country to indorse a policy and renew a power which has cost us the lives of thousands of men and needlessly put the country on the road to bankruptcy, there will remain no alternative but to organize against him every element of conscientious opposition, with the view to prevent the misfortune of his reelection."

General Fremont had been very popular, especially with the young men, and with the extreme abolitionists, and with the discontented. But he did not excite the enthusiasm which had been expected, and after a futile canvass, he withdrew his name and his party fell to pieces. But the position which he took at once separated him from those who had been his truest friends, whose feelings were accurately expressed by Governor Morton, of Indiana, in a speech at Indianapolis on the twelfth of June, when he said: "I carried the standard of General Fremont to the best of my ability through the canvass of 1856, and I have since endeavored to sustain him, not only as a politician, but as a military chief-

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tain, and never until I read this letter did I have occasion to regret what I have done. It has been read with joy by his enemies and with pain by his friends."

The next form which the effort to prevent Mr. Lincoln's nomination and election took, was an effort to bring forward General Grant as a candidate. General Grant put a decisive check upon all these attempts of politicians to make his name the occasion of division among Union men, by peremptorily refusing to allow himself to be made a candidate, and by reiterating in still more emphatic and hopeful terms the President's appeal to the people for aid and support.

Honorable Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, believed that he ought to be elected in 1864, and, though he was a member of Mr. Lincoln's official family, he openly sought to secure a nomination; but he did not succeed, and kept on at his work, doing his duty honestly, for he was an honest and an able man, but very sorrowful because the country could not understand that he would make a better president than Mr. Lincoln.

Strange as it now appears, in the summer of 1864 it seemed that almost any one would stand a better chance of being elected in November of

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that year than Mr. Lincoln. The country was so sick of bloodshed that many thousands of voters were ready for peace at almost any price. But Lincoln knew, and so did the sorrowful nation in general, that the war had gone too far to be stopped short of liberty and union.

The candidate who opposed Mr. Lincoln when he ran in 1864 for reelection was Major-General George B. McClellan. Throughout the summer and early fall it seemed that Lincoln would probably be defeated, but as election drew near it became more and more certain that he would be reelected. When election day came the result was an overwhelming triumph for Lincoln and the cause for which he stood.

Lincoln received the news of his reelection calmly, saying that he thought the people had decided it was best not to swap horses while crossing the stream.

Late in December, 1864, General Sherman finished his march to the sea, and captured Savannah, which he "presented to the nation as a Christmas gift." The war could not last much longer.

On the fourth day of March, 1865, President Lincoln stood for a second time before the Capitol in Washington and took the oath of office.

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Chief Justice Taney had died, and Lincoln had appointed Secretary Salmon P. Chase to succeed him. It was he who administered the oath of office. Then Lincoln read his Inaugural Message, the noblest of all his utterances. This remarkable address closed with these memorable words:

“With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation’s wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.”

General Grant was pressing General Lee into closer and closer quarters. At length Lee had to abandon the defense of Richmond, and flee westward with his army. The Confederate Government also was removed from that city, and Jefferson Davis became a fugitive. President Lincoln at this time visited Richmond, not with the pomp of a conqueror, but quietly and with sympathetic solemnity, and then returned to Washington. The war’s end came quickly. General Grant’s army overtook Lee near a little

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river named Appomattox. There on Palm Sunday, April 9, 1865, General Robert Lee surrendered to General Ulysses S. Grant.

General Grant offered very liberal terms. The Confederate officers and soldiers were to promise not to take up arms against the United States, and then were to be allowed to return to their homes. Those who rode their own horses were to retain their horses to help them cultivate their farms.

It was now evident to every one that the end of the war had come. The nation was rejoicing; plans were discussed concerning the best way to heal the nation's wounds. President Lincoln was opposed to all acts of severity or revenge. He had never hated the South. He was determined that slavery should be forever ended, he had worked most actively to secure and had secured the passage of the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution prohibiting slavery everywhere in the United States, but he was not willing that anything vindictive should be done. He wished the time to come as quickly as possible when the whole nation should realize that we were one people, when the bitterness of war should be forgotten, and the nation should be truly united.

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He had greatly favored the building of the Pacific railroad to bind the nation together East and West as well as North and South. His vision was of a nation stretching from ocean to ocean and from the lakes to the gulf with men everywhere living happily and peacefully and all men free.

On April 14, 1865, the nation celebrated the end of the war, exactly four years after its beginning. It was on April 14, 1861, that the first gun was fired against Fort Sumter. On that same day, four years later, the flag of the United States, again united, was raised above that battered ruin. The war was over. The nation rejoiced.

That day when the flag arose again in serene beauty was a busy and a happy day in Washington. Mr. Lincoln was occupied from morning till night. General Grant came to the White House for a consultation. The Cabinet met. Scores, probably hundreds, of people called. And with all the rest, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln found time for a quiet drive alone, off into the country, where they talked quietly of the happy days that were ahead, with the restoration of peace and good will.

It happened that the very last piece of writ-

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ing which President Lincoln did that night was a pass which he wrote for an old friend, Honorable George Ashmun, whom Mr. Lincoln had known as a fellow congressman in 1858, and who had presided with ability over the convention that nominated Lincoln for the presidency in 1860. He wanted to call and introduce a friend on Saturday morning; and just before Mr. Lincoln left the White House on Friday night he penciled this pass:

Allow Mr. Ashmun
& friend to come in
at 9 A. M. to mor-
row—

A. Lincoln,
April 14, 1865

On that very night of April 14, 1865, President Lincoln was shot by an assassin, and died early the next morning. From tumultuous joy the nation was plunged into deepest sorrow. Andrew Johnson, Vice-President, was inaugurated President of the United States, but it was a saddened and chastened country with much of discord and bitterness which remained after the death of Lincoln.

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There was much discussion where the body of President Lincoln should be buried. Under the dome of the Capitol at Washington is an empty vault in which it was expected the body of George Washington would lie, but it was buried at Mount Vernon. It was at first proposed that Abraham Lincoln should be buried there. But it was decided that his old home at Springfield was the fitting place.

However, it was arranged to take his body back over nearly the same route over which he had made his journey to Washington, but to vary it slightly, especially in order that his remains might lie in state in Chicago, as well as in Philadelphia, New York and other cities.

So a special train was made up, and, after impressive services in the White House, the body was taken to the train. Not only in the cities where stops were made, but all along the route, day and night, the train was greeted with the tolling of bells, the solemn booming of funeral guns, and the grief of a great people. Mr. Pullman had just finished what up to that time was the finest car ever built. That car, with its landscaped panels, was used for the Lincoln funeral train. In the car with Mr. Lincoln's body was that of Willie Lincoln. The body of little Eddie

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had been buried in Springfield in 1850; that was removed and given a place in the Lincoln tomb. So the body of the President when laid in the soil of his own Illinois had to keep it company the bodies of his two little boys, Eddie and Willie. When, several years later, Tad died, and then Mrs. Lincoln, these also were buried there, and room was left for Robert T. Lincoln and his wife.

Mrs. Lincoln, almost crazed with grief, rode sadly back to Springfield, accompanied by Robert and Tad. All the way there were sorrowing crowds, black-draped railroad stations, emblems of grief. It was a sad contrast to the journey which they had made in the opposite direction four years before.

On Thursday, May 4, 1865, President Lincoln's body was interred at Springfield, Illinois, and his tomb, like that of Washington, became one of the shrines of the nation. Of him in his burial and abiding influence for good may well be repeated what Secretary Stanton, sitting by his side as the President's life ebbed away, said when the great heart ceased to beat, "Now he belongs to the ages."

THE END

CHRONOLOGY

CHRONOLOGY

1782. Captain Abraham Lincoln migrated from Virginia to Kentucky.
- 1786, May. Captain Abraham Lincoln killed by an Indian.
1787. Northwest Territory organized on an anti-slavery basis.
- 1806, June 12. Marriage of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks.
- 1809, February 12. Birth of Abraham Lincoln.
1811. The family of Thomas Lincoln removes from Nolin Creek to Knob Creek.
- 1816, Autumn. The Lincoln family removes from Kentucky to Indiana.
- 1818, October 5. Death of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, the President's mother.
- 1819, December 2. Thomas Lincoln married Mrs. Sarah Bush Johnston.
- 1826, January 20. Death of Sarah Grigsby, sister of Abraham Lincoln.
1828. Lincoln makes his first journey down the Mississippi to New Orleans.
- 1830, March 1. The Lincoln family leaves Indiana for Illinois.
- 1831, Spring. Lincoln makes his second journey down the Mississippi to New Orleans.
- 1831, March. Lincoln leaves Decatur for a flatboat trip to New Orleans. April 19. The boat sticks on New Salem dam. July. Lincoln returns to New Salem.
- 1831—1837. Lincoln lives in New Salem, Illinois.
1832. Lincoln a soldier in the Black Hawk War.
1832. Lincoln runs for the Legislature and is defeated; studies surveying and grammar, and is appointed Postmaster of New Salem.
1834. Lincoln elected a member of the Illinois General Assembly.
1836. Lincoln reelected a member of the Legislature.
- 1837—1861. Lincoln lives in Springfield, Illinois.

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1838. Lincoln again reelected a member of the Legislature.
1840. Lincoln, for the fourth and last time, elected a member of the Legislature.
1842, November 4. Abraham Lincoln married Mary Todd.
1847. Lincoln attends the River and Harbor Convention—his first known visit to Chicago.
1848-9. Lincoln serves one term as representative in Congress.
1854. Lincoln reenters politics and is defeated by Lyman Trumbull—as a candidate for the United States Senate.
1856. Organization of the Republican Party which Lincoln joins.
1858, Summer and autumn. The Lincoln-Douglas Debates.
1859, October 16. John Brown attempts to capture Harper's Ferry.
1860, May. Abraham Lincoln nominated for the Presidency; elected in November.
1861, February 11. Lincoln bids farewell to Springfield.
1861, March 4. Abraham Lincoln inaugurated President.
1862, September 22. Lincoln issues Emancipation Proclamation, effective January 1, 1863.
1863, July 3-4. Surrender of Vicksburg and victory at Gettysburg.
1863, November 19. Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.
1864, November. Lincoln reelected.
1865, March 4. Lincoln's second inaugural.
1865, April 9. Surrender of General Lee's Army to General Grant at Appomattox, Virginia.
1865, April 14. President Lincoln shot, and died next morning.
1865, May 4. Burial of body of President Lincoln at Springfield.
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